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THE ELECTIONS.

ELECTIONS enough have already been decided to show what the composition of the new Parliament will be. The great Conservative majority of 1874 has been altogether swept away. The question that remains to be decided is simply with what majority the Liberals will start in office. The Administration of Lord BEACONSFIELD appealed to the country, and the country has answered the appeal by saying that it is tired of the Administration of Lord BEACONSFIELD. In two days' polling the Liberals have gained thirty-one seats. This just reduces the Government majority to zero. In those English boroughs where the result of the polling is as yet unknown there will certainly be some Conservative gains; but there will also be some Liberal gains, and the result hitherto obtained will probably be little disturbed. There remain Scotland and the English counties. Here the gains, whether large or small, must be on the Liberal side. It is the English boroughs that have killed the Government, and it would be very interesting, if only it were possible, to know why they have killed it. To some extent there has been unquestionably displayed a real difference of political opinion. Just as the City of London has pronounced clearly for the policy of the Government, so the North of England has pronounced clearly against it. At Sheffield the Conservatives have had a triumph; but there can be no mistaking the enormous majority for Mr. GLADSTONE and his Liberal colleague at Leeds, the considerable Liberal majority at Manchester, and the rejection of two Conservatives at Salford. In 1877 there was a by-election at Salford which was regarded as in some measure a test case, showing how the Government was standing with the constituencies. A Conservative was returned by a majority of 1800; now two Liberals have majorities of 3,000 over their Conservative opponents. Mr. FORSTER receives a Liberal colleague at Bradford, and Mr. CHILDERS is equally fortunate at Pontefract. Nottingham, which may perhaps be classed with Northern constituencies, replaces two Conservatives with two Liberals, and has returned its chosen candidates by very large majorities. Not that there has been anything like a sweeping revulsion of feeling in the North. In a large number of Northern boroughs the representation is unchanged. Still the voting in places like Leeds, Manchester, and Salford, coupled with the general Liberal success in the North, has justified the confident assertion of Liberal prophets that, at any rate north of the Trent, the tide had turned in their favour. There the simple issue of GLADSTONE or BEACONSFIELD has been fought out, and the North has gone for GLADSTONE.

But what is really remarkable, and what has, we feel sure, taken the Liberals quite as much by surprise as the Conservatives, is that the Liberals have had a triumph all round. They have won in all kinds of constituencies and in all parts of England. They have been equally successful in those boroughs of moderate size which may be taken to represent the average feelings of the ordinary Englishman, and in those smaller boroughs which are usually supposed to be torn by local passions or dominated by local ascendancy. In the South and West of England, where they were supposed to be weakest, they have gained at Bath, Exeter, Gloucester, Oxford, Truro, and Winchester. In the centre of England they have gained at Bedford, Buckingham, Bury St. Edmunds, Cambridge, Cheltenham,

Coventry, East Retford, Evesham, Grantham, Hereford, Ipswich, Kidderminster, King's Lynn, Lincoln, Tamworth, and Worcester. This is a long list, to which, of course, Conservative gains in the same districts might be opposed; but it is not merely that the Liberals have won on the whole, but that, excepting perhaps in metropolitan constituencies, they have won in constituencies big, middling, and small. In the small boroughs they have won Andover, Brecon, Petersfield, Rye, Wallingford, and, more wonderful than all, Stamford, where no Liberal had been returned since the first Reform Bill. A Liberal at Stamford is like a fly in amber, and equally suggests the question how on earth he got there. If the constituencies of all kinds were to give an answer, they could not have given a much more decisive one. But why they have given it no one can exactly say. They have not only given it, but they have given it after the utmost exertions had been made on both sides to get every elector to pronounce an opinion. It is astonishing how heavy the polling has been both in large and small places. For example, at Cheltenham the registered electors are 5,018, and 4,615 polled, and the Conservative who was beaten polled more than he polled in 1874 when he won. At Bedford 2,500 out of 2,600, and at Durham 2,295 out of 2,382, went to the poll, while at Barnstaple, Stamford, and Tiverton more persons appear to have polled than were on the register. In places where there was evidently a very strong current of political feeling it was inevitable that there should be a great increase in the number of persons who would take the trouble to vote. Six years ago a Liberal headed the poll at Leeds with 15,000; Mr. GLADSTONE now heads it with 24,000. At Salford the Liberal voters have suddenly risen from 6,000 to 11,000. At Manchester, Mr. BIRLEY, who was at the head of the poll in 1874, has now polled more than he did then, and yet he is beaten by 4,000 votes. But in little places quite as strenuous efforts have been made as in large ones, and there is scarcely a single constituency which has been snapped by an accidental triumph over supine or disunited enemies. The only conspicuous instance of voters not coming to the poll is the City of London, where scarcely three-fifths of the voters took the trouble to vote, and where the Conservative with the highest figure did not poll nearly half the constituency in his favour.

It is idle to speculate on the causes of the Liberal success. Very probably a large number of electors were tired of the Government merely because it had been six years in office. Another considerable section may have thought that the Liberal leaders, many of whom are men of great personal ability, ought to have their turn and show what they can do. But there are some things that the elections have placed beyond contest. They show that the publicans have not exercised the influence which it was expected they would exercise. At Birmingham they may have been conciliated by the honeyed words of Mr. BRIGHT; but, if they went against him, they did him no harm. The returns also show that the Liberals were not divided by crotchets, that their party organization is much improved, that the Liberals who love Mr. GLADSTONE work hard for him, that the Liberals who distrust him confide in Lord HARTINGTON, and that the moderate Liberals have, as a rule, not gone over or abstained, but have at the eleventh hour voted with their party. No conspicuous politician has as yet lost his seat, the nearest approaches to this being the

rejection of Mr. RAIKES at Chester, and of Sir JOHN LUBBOCK at Maidstone. Both would be considerable losses to the new Parliament, but both are sure to find seats before long. Promising members hitherto unknown to Parliamentary life have been found at Oldham in Mr. STANLEY, at Grantham in Mr. ROUNDELL, and at Oxford in Mr. CHITTY; and that good boy Lord RAMSAY has now an opportunity of showing how good he is, and how quickly he can gain the discretion which will win him the complete confidence of Lord HARTINGTON. As the Conservatives were able to secure a seat at Rochester, it may be regretted that they did not confer on the new Parliament the benefit of Mr. SETON-KARR's long knowledge of the East, and sound and moderate judgment in all things relating to India. Mr. WREN, who now sits for Wallingford, will perhaps cram Parliament with the zeal with which he has crammed successive batches of Civil servants. At Exeter the eloquence and the influence of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE have sufficed to return his son at the expense of an old friend and a valuable, because honourable and upright, supporter, Mr. ARTHUR MILLS. Sir WILLIAM PALLISER and Sir HENRY TYLER will contribute to the new Parliament special knowledge of a kind that will be generally recognized as useful, and Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD has travelled and written enough to raise expectations, which may or may not be fulfilled, of his being able to amuse, to instruct, and to excite his hearers at Westminster. Liberals generally will have the pleasure of travelling to Westminster to occupy the side of the House from which they have been so long excluded, and every winning candidate and his friends must rejoice in the result. But in point of personal gratification few perhaps will be able to rival the satisfaction of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who heads the poll, has got an excellent Liberal as his colleague, and has actually defeated a local brewer; of Lord NORTHBROOK, who, after all the criticisms that have been passed on him as Viceroy of India, sees his eldest son at the head of the poll at Winchester; or of Mrs. GLADSTONE, whose dear Yorkshire friends have exerted themselves in a way that she tells them gives her husband much comfort in his present time of trial. A few days more, and the general topic of discussion will probably be, not the elections, but the composition of the coming Liberal Cabinet.

THE METROPOLITAN BOROUGHES.

THE most remarkable circumstance in the metropolitan elections is not that some Conservative candidates are defeated, but that any are returned. The substitution, under the last Reform Act, of household suffrage for the ten-pound franchise effected a smaller change in London than in provincial towns, because the majority of metropolitan householders were already qualified; yet it might have been expected that the new electors, belonging with few exceptions to the humbler class, would have supported the Liberal party. Mr. W. H. SMITH was nevertheless returned for Westminster at the first election after the Act of 1867, at a time when the Conservative cause throughout the kingdom was at the lowest point of depression. It is highly creditable to the constituency that the pre-eminent claim which he has since established to their confidence is fully recognized. The return of his colleague, though he is a respectable and useful member, probably indicates the strength of the Conservative party rather than personal preference. The battle was fairly fought with worthy antagonists. Sir ARTHUR HOBBHOUSE, though he is not a popular speaker, has acquired reputation in his profession and in the public service; and Mr. JOHN MORLEY, already eminent in literature and in moral and political controversy, would probably have risen to high distinction in the House of Commons. The city of Westminster still retains some of the characteristics which gave it extraordinary political importance when there were few numerous and independent constituencies. In its wide area it includes rich and poor districts, and many streets of intermediate quality. It would be interesting, if it were practicable, to analyse and classify the votes which were given on either side. The region round Grosvenor Square, including Mayfair, probably contributed to the Conservative majority; but the residents are more conspicuous by wealth and position

than by their numbers. The superior tradesmen have during a whole generation gradually undergone a process of conversion from Liberalism, which is perhaps now almost complete; but, even in combination with their richer customers, they must have formed a comparatively small section of the 15,000 or 16,000 electors who voted. The majority of the whole constituency probably live on wages; and many working-men must have supported the successful candidates. There were few collateral issues to impair the political significance of the contest. The licensed victuallers and the customers whose interests are identical with theirs may have preferred the representatives of the party which has threatened them least. On the other hand, it is said that Mr. MORLEY succeeded better than his colleague or his opponents in purging himself from the suspicion of complicity with Co-operative Stores.

It might have been expected that Hackney, with nearly double the number of electors, and without any aristocratic admixture, would arrive at a different conclusion from Westminster. The Liberal candidates were well known and popular, and one of them has deservedly attained a high Parliamentary position. Mr. BARTLEY must be of a sanguine disposition if he hoped in such a constituency to defeat Mr. FAWCETT and Mr. HOLMS. He did a service to his party by proving that in Hackney there were more than ten thousand Conservative voters. The actual or retired tradesmen and others who occupy villa residences in the district have probably joined in the reaction against Liberalism, which first disclosed itself twelve or fifteen years ago. The extreme opinions which then frightened large and small owners of property are now more openly avowed; and the fact that the most powerful leader of the Liberal party frequently countenances revolutionary proposals has produced a profound impression on all the classes which have anything to lose; but there are certainly not ten thousand electors of Hackney who live, as the phrase is, on their means. In this instance, also, many working-men and many small tradesmen must have voted for the Conservative candidate. The section of the community which lately prevented the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER from addressing the constituency is probably numerous; but it is satisfactory to find that it does not include the whole population. It is uncertain whether in Hackney or in other metropolitan boroughs the questions which have occupied the almost exclusive attention of political speakers have greatly influenced the elections. The excitement which prevailed a year ago on foreign policy has rapidly subsided; and probably the results of the different contests represent with approximate accuracy the ordinary strength of the rival parties. In certain classes it is notorious that many former Liberals have temporarily or definitively left their party, principally in consequence of Mr. GLADSTONE's conduct and language; but the alarm which he has caused is probably not shared by the bulk of the constituencies. In estimating the value of the expression of opinion it is well to remember that every London borough contains a larger or smaller proportion of Irish voters, almost exclusively of the working class. Nearly all of them act under the direction of agitators from Ireland, who have on this occasion used their utmost exertions to return Liberal candidates. It is possible that resentment at Irish dictation may have induced a certain number of English voters to support the party which is not allied with the promoters of Home Rule.

The City of London has an organization and a unity of its own which belong to none of the other metropolitan constituencies. London has been arbitrarily, though necessarily, divided into districts which, with the exception of the City and partially of Westminster, have no necessary independence. The peculiar qualification of a large number of City electors also tends to create a local and municipal patriotism. The citizens of London feel an attachment which is elsewhere imperfectly appreciated to municipal institutions and customs which appear to strangers anomalous and obsolete. The civic aristocracy is, as might be expected, in general, though not unanimously, Conservative. The great majority of liverymen were formerly Liberal; but they care more for their own institutions than for democratic progress. They well know that the establishment of a Metropolitan municipality would deprive the City of its splendour and its privileges, and they accept in earnest

the assurances of statesmen on festive occasions that they will always maintain the rights of the first of English Corporations. In the present election foreign politics have probably had more influence on the result in the City than in other constituencies. Some plaintive Liberal orators still complain of the irregular conversion of an anti-Turkish meeting into an assembly of enthusiastic supporters of the Government. The disturbers were to blame, but they represented the prevailing feeling of their fellow-citizens. For a long time no subsequent attempt was made in the City to oppose the Ministerial policy. For all these reasons it seemed probable that the Conservatives would succeed in returning three members; but so large a majority could not have been anticipated. It is to be regretted that the fourth seat is not occupied by Mr. GOSCHEN, whose personal qualifications for the function of representing a great commercial community are perhaps unequalled. He seems, however, to have acted prudently in declining a contest which might perhaps have resulted in the election of one of the other Liberal candidates in his place.

The return of two Conservative members for Greenwich proves the sound judgment of Mr. GLADSTONE in taking refuge at Leeds in default of success in Midlothian. It also shows that suburban residents have in the borough of Greenwich, as elsewhere, for perfectly intelligible reasons, rallied to the Conservative party. The narrow majority of the Liberal candidates in more than one of the metropolitan boroughs where they have been successful shows that London artisans and tradesmen have not been convinced by incessant declamation of the unsoundness of Lord BEACONSFIELD'S foreign policy. The present election will furnish the future Government with matter for reflection when the inevitable scheme of redistribution is introduced. In any arrangement founded on population or on rateable value, London will be entitled to a large increase of representation; and the Liberal leaders will not feel the confidence in new metropolitan constituencies which Mr. GLADSTONE reposes in the admiring voters of Scotch boroughs. The denunciations which he has often directed against London newspapers and London Clubs seem to be in some degree applicable to the mass of London ratepayers, and to the Liverymen of the City. It is probable that the reaction which once more illustrates the caprice of household suffrage under the Ballot would have been still more sweeping if the agitation in Midlothian had not detached large numbers of moderate Liberals from the party with which they have habitually acted. The gain resulting from the excitement produced in Scotland is perhaps not equal to the loss; for it is doubtful whether a single opponent has been won over, though previously formed convictions have probably been confirmed. For the moment the followers of Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord HARTINGTON are entitled to exult in their victory. Comparatively neutral politicians may be excused for doubting whether three changes of Ministry, resulting from three successive elections, prove the steadiness and wisdom of popular constituencies.

THE DECREES AGAINST THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

THE blow against the Jesuits has at last been struck, and nobody seems quite sure how much harm it has done them. In point of fact, until five months have passed away, no one will have the materials for being sure. The non-recognized religious orders—with the exception of the Jesuits—have been told to do one thing; the Jesuits have been told to do another thing; and it remains to be seen whether either will do what they are told. Every kind of reason has been given for the action of the Government except the most important reason of all, the motive which has induced them to do as they have done. Upon that point they have been carefully and obstinately silent. It might have been expected that when M. DE FREYCINET made up his mind to set the Senate at defiance he would state in one Chamber or the other why he had determined to do so. Apparently he is so convinced of the wisdom of the course he has adopted that he considers it to need no exposition. The fact that the Senate has decided one thing is in his eyes sufficient ground for deciding the contrary. Otherwise, the least that a co-ordinate branch of the Legislature might have looked for was some explanation why its opinion was not to go for as much as the opinion of the Chamber of Deputies. The Constitution gives the

Senate equal powers, and provides that it shall be created by a process differing in detail from that by which the Chamber of Deputies is created, but identical with it in principle. There is no apparent reason therefore why the Ministry should despise the Senate and hold to the Chamber of Deputies rather than despise the Chamber of Deputies and hold to the Senate. Both Assemblies trace their origin to universal suffrage, and though one is in name more popular than the other, it is not clear how they differ in substance. M. DE FREYCINET chose to think that something must be done against the Jesuits, and he proposed the 7th Clause as the least measure which he thought would meet the case. The Chamber of Deputies enthusiastically adopted his views; but the Senate with equal decision rejected them. Considering that both Chambers are elective, this seemed to point to a deadlock out of which there was no way except by a dissolution. Half the elective members of the Senate sit by a mandate of later date than the Deputies themselves; and it is consequently doubtful whether in this instance the vote of the First Chamber interprets the opinion of the country with greater accuracy than the vote of the Second. The power of dissolving the Chamber of Deputies is vested by the Constitution in the President conjointly with the Senate, and it is difficult to suppose that, if M. DE FREYCINET had asked M. GRÉVY to move the Senate to give the requisite consent, the permission to dissolve would have been refused. Had it been refused, M. DE FREYCINET would have been clearly in the right. The Senate and the Minister would have differed as to the interpretation to be put upon the popular feeling, and the Senate, not the Minister, would have shrunk from verifying theory by an appeal to facts. As it is, the Minister has shrunk from this decisive ordeal. He has rested content with a majority in the Chamber of Deputies as elected in 1877, in total disregard of the later date at which the contact of the Senate with the electors has taken place. In short, he has acted as though the existing Constitution of France provided but a single Chamber, and the addition of a second were merely ornamental. We know of no country in which there is a second elective Chamber where the voice of that Chamber would be so entirely set at naught as the vote of the Senate has lately been in France. Even in the colony of Victoria there has been a dissolution, and a dissolution with the result that the impression generally entertained of the issue of the elections has been completely falsified. In France alone the Second Chamber has been openly defied. The next time that the Senatorial elections are held it will not be wonderful if the electors bethink themselves how little attention has been paid to the previous expression of their opinion.

M. DE FREYCINET has said that, if the Senate would have passed the 7th Clause of M. FÉRY'S Education Bill, the Government would have asked no more. From this it appears that the one point which the Government were anxious to secure was the exclusion of members of the non-recognized religious orders from the exercise of the teaching function. Let it be conceded that this object will be obviously attained by the decrees which have just been issued; what is the gain which it is supposed will accrue to the Government in consequence? When the Jesuits and all the other non-recognized religious orders have been satisfactorily got rid of, to what body will the education of the children of whom these Orders have hitherto had the charge be made over for the future? The Radicals seem to assume that in this matter the parent counts for nothing. He has sent his son to a Jesuit school instead of to a lycée up to this time, and for the future he will send him to a lycée instead of to a Jesuit school. Why should he do anything of the kind? Because, it will be said, the Jesuit school will be closed by order of the Government, and consequently he will have no alternative but to send him to a lycée. This view of affairs seems to credit French parents with exceedingly little inventiveness, and French Catholics with a strange want of ability to adapt themselves to new circumstances. The reason why the Jesuit schools have been popular is, in part, that they are supposed to follow a more rational system than that followed in the lycées; in part, that the parents like the religious teaching given in these schools; and in part that parents expect, either in their own persons or in those of their children, to reap some advantage from giving the Church the preference over the State. It is not likely that these motives will cease to operate immediately upon the execution of the new decrees. The lycées will not become any better from

the withdrawal of competition. The desire that children should receive religious training of a specific kind will not be extinguished. The influential or fashionable classes which have hitherto supported the Jesuit schools will not transfer their countenance to the institutions which they have so long been decrying. Nor is it probable that the Church will be found wanting when means have to be provided for giving effect to these feelings. If it were necessary, we should no doubt hear that this or that eminent teacher had retired from the Jesuit Order, had been admitted into one of the orders recognized by the French Government, and was about to open a school in such and such a street, and under such and such patronage. It is not at all clear, however, that any such necessity will arise. The law on which the decrees are founded is by no means easy of interpretation, and it is quite possible that the Jesuits may find it so easy to evade dissolution that they will be under no temptation to exchange into an order which has not been dissolved. Even if it could be supposed that, as regards the Jesuits themselves, the decrees would have the tremendous force which the Ministerial Radicals are disposed to attribute to them, the same teaching would continue to be given by other teachers. It is not the instructions of a particular body of schoolmasters which has made a large number of Frenchmen reactionary and Ultramontane. That they are so is the result of a great variety of influences; and, as long as these influences continue to operate, the result will continue to be observed. This particular attack upon the Jesuits will only arm the reactionary and Ultramontane section of French society with a very much better argument than any they have had yet. They have been predicting for years that the Republic would in the end attack the Church, and they are now for the first time able to point to facts in support of their opinion. There can be few worse policies than to fulfil the predictions of an adversary.

MR. GLADSTONE.

THE deluge of Mr. GLADSTONE's speeches has continued without abatement to the end. Within two or three days of the election he delivered several orations, of which perhaps the most significant was a short address to the electors of Peebles. Forgetting, or not regarding as serious, the repeated professions of Lord HARTINGTON, he intimated his determination to abandon two of the territorial acquisitions which have been made since his retirement from office. He undertook to repudiate the possession of Cyprus and of the Transvaal as dominions both worthless in themselves and discreditable in the circumstances of annexation. Both questions deserve grave consideration; but it is not the duty of a statesman to decide such issues without reference to accomplished facts or consultation with his colleagues, or to announce his conclusions for the purpose of exciting applause to the first mob which he may casually meet. Other Liberal leaders have of late repeatedly pledged themselves to accept the responsibility of the Eastern policy of Lord BEACONFIELD's Government, including the acquisition of Cyprus. Lord CARNARVON, who is habitually courted by the Liberal party, suppressed the Transvaal Republic, and appropriated its territory; Lord KIMBERLEY, who was Secretary for the Colonies in Mr. GLADSTONE's Cabinet, approved the annexation; and Mr. FORSTER has more than once protested against the abandonment of the native inhabitants of the province to the mercy of the Dutch settlers. No serious Parliamentary opposition was offered to the measure except by Mr. COURTNEY, who found no support in his vigorous and consistent opposition to Lord CARNARVON's policy. It is a natural inference from the thoughtless communication made to the Peebles audience that Mr. GLADSTONE will, in the event of his accession to power, hold himself at liberty to repudiate more important engagements than those which relate to Cyprus and the Transvaal. His possible colleagues or clients must rejoice at the close of his circuit of declamation.

On Monday Mr. GLADSTONE's torrent of eloquence had temporarily subsided into a placid current. Instead of violently denouncing his enemies, he was friendly, familiar, and communicative, even in personal details. By the advice of a physician, who is, as might be inferred from his rare sagacity, a Scotchman, Mr. GLADSTONE has, it seems, the habit of applying suitable remedies as soon as he feels himself indisposed. So admirable a practice accounted for his being perfectly well on Sunday, though he had been a

little disordered on Saturday. The cheerfulness of rapid convalescence was only disturbed by a supposed calumny which he was characteristically eager to correct. A local caricaturist had added to a picture of Mr. GLADSTONE a legend to the effect that he had no support except at Dalmeny, which is Lord ROSEBURY's residence. The facetious artist had, it seems, placed the statement between inverted commas, and Mr. GLADSTONE, shocked at the cruel mendacity of the libeller, denied that he had said anything of the kind. Future biographers will take notice that Mr. GLADSTONE neither sells cheap claret nor wantonly contradicts his own repeated boasts that he has a majority in Midlothian. He found a pleasanter topic in the candidature of one of his sons for Middlesex, which is of course intended as a compliment to himself. He naturally conjectured that the metropolitan county of England was actuated by a desire to imitate the mid or central county of Scotland. Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE's inexperience accounts for a declaration which probably represents higher authority than his own. He said in one of his speeches that he desired to support the English Established Church, but that, if the majority were of an opposite opinion, he would not attempt to thwart their wishes. As Mr. GLADSTONE has frequently used similar language in speaking of the Scotch Establishment, there can be little doubt that the candidate for Middlesex has inadvertently expressed his intentions.

No inference can be drawn from Mr. GLADSTONE's silence as to the course which he will follow if his party returns to office. Mr. FORSTER was apparently not in his confidence on the subject when he lately said, with obvious truth, that the only possible Prime Ministers of a Liberal Government were Lord GRANVILLE, Lord HARTINGTON, and Mr. GLADSTONE. He added that, if Mr. GLADSTONE chose to accept the office, neither of his former colleagues would dispute his claims. Such a competition would be equally unwise and ungracious; but the leaders of the party will, if the occasion arises, await Mr. GLADSTONE's resolution with serious anxiety. His accession to power would reduce to insignificance the moderate Liberal party. He might possibly be once more willing to leave to Lord GRANVILLE the ordinary conduct of foreign affairs, though the national policy would be liable to disturbance through the sympathies and antipathies which Mr. GLADSTONE has recently cultivated. On all domestic questions he would be practically supreme. His most devoted admirers scarcely exaggerate his paramount influence over the most numerous section of the Liberal constituencies. An impulsive and passionate character becomes popular through the very defects which impair the confidence of colleagues and of Parliamentary followers. A Cabinet controlled by such a Premier must be prepared to join him in agitation for any of the thirty measures which he lately announced as necessary and urgent. The other alternative which he may perhaps choose will also be a source of embarrassment. Out of office Mr. GLADSTONE would still be regarded as the leader of the party of movement; and there is no room in the English constitutional system for an irresponsible patron of the Government. Lord GREY expresses a feeling of uneasiness which is widely entertained in his anticipation that the policy of a Liberal Government will be directed by Mr. GLADSTONE, whether he is in or out of office. The revolutionary tone and temper of his Midlothian speeches, both in the autumn and in the spring, are even more alarming than his special opinions on domestic and foreign policy. In an answer to Lord GREY which showed good taste and good feeling, Mr. GLADSTONE concurred in the opinion that his own possession of power without responsibility would be injurious to the public interest; but he suggested that the independent characters of Lord GRANVILLE and Lord HARTINGTON would furnish a sufficient security against their dependence on himself. It is nevertheless certain that a Liberal Ministry would be deserted by the Radical members of the party if it were on any question opposed by Mr. GLADSTONE. In defending himself against Lord GREY's charge that he had propounded revolutionary doctrines, Mr. GLADSTONE made no reference to his mischievous suggestion that Parliament might justly expropriate landowners for the purpose of creating bodies of peasant proprietors, if such a measure were economically desirable.

If any orator can make financial speeches attractive, Mr. GLADSTONE has almost exclusive possession of the secret; yet it is difficult to suppose that his large audience at Stow was either entertained or convinced by his elaborate

manipulation of figures. Even a Scotch tradesman or artisan can scarcely pretend to hold a confident opinion on the comparative merits of the different methods which have been employed in the reduction of the National Debt. Terminable Annuities, once created, are, as Mr. GLADSTONE said, self-acting. On the other hand, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S Sinking Fund, as long as it is maintained, is more effective and more economical. If the Stow meeting preferred the plan of Terminable Annuities, its judgment must have been formed not by the force of Mr. GLADSTONE'S arguments, but on his authority. There is no doubt that he has been a great financier; but his judgment on financial as on political questions is impaired by prejudice and passion. In the course of his financial speech he thought fit to introduce an episode on the advantages of democracy as illustrated by the success of the American Government and Legislature in reducing the debt. Mr. GLADSTONE never spares adulation of the United States, probably as a set-off to his famous eulogy of the Confederate Government. If an aristocracy or an English Ministry were to support a strict protective system and an irredeemable paper currency, and if it had borrowed the whole amount of the sums required for the most costly war on record, Mr. GLADSTONE would not be so complimentary in his criticisms. It is not the business of Englishmen to find fault with the financial policy of foreign countries, except when they are for party purposes proposed as models for imitation. The advantage of rapidly reducing the interest of the American debt has been purchased by the payment, up to the time of commutation, of an extravagant percentage; but the Treasury and Congress had a full right to choose the course which might be most convenient. The whole of Mr. GLADSTONE'S latest financial argument was vitiated by his habitual confusion of finance with politics. It has never been denied that Lord BEACONSFIELD'S Government has spent more and received less than Mr. GLADSTONE'S. It follows that the debt cannot have been as rapidly reduced as if no change had occurred. The cost of the Indian troops at Malta, of calling out the reserves, of keeping a large fleet for many months in Turkish waters, had in some way to be met. The choice of means was a question exclusively of finance; the amount to be provided was wholly dependent on national policy. Mr. GLADSTONE mixes up the two separate issues so constantly that he must be supposed to delude himself before he misleads his followers. Before the production of the Budget Mr. GLADSTONE and his adherents frequently challenged Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE to impose taxes for the immediate discharge of an accumulated debt of seven or eight millions. They can hardly have expected to tempt the most simple-minded of adversaries into a suicidal decision on the eve of the general election; but it was hoped that discredit would be thrown on the Government by its admitted inability to pay off the debt. When it was announced that the payment would be spread over five years, the decision of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER commanded general approval; and from that time the majority of Liberal speakers have judiciously avoided the question of finance.

THE AUSTRIAN OCCUPATION.

ONE of the minor trials to which quiet Englishmen are continually exposed is that no one seems able to speak or write about any subject connected, however remotely, with the Eastern Question, in simple and natural English and in a guarded and unbiassed manner. Mr. ARTHUR EVANS has been writing on the Austrian occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and if he would but have confined himself to what he knows and has seen, his contribution to the *Fortnightly Review* would have been equally welcome and valuable. He is one of the very few Englishmen who have lived and travelled in the remote and savage districts of which he speaks. It is impressive, to say the least, to peruse the composition of a writer who can say what he saw at Kulen Vakup, who has received the confidences of a Vakup Beg familiarly known as Fat ALAJ, and has discussed with a Serbian gentleman the probable spread of the Russian language south of the Danube. To get at facts and put away theories, fears, and prejudices is, after all the interminable discussions with which we have lately been made familiar, the only method of dealing with the Eastern Question which is of the slightest real use. Mr. EVANS does give

us some facts, and so far we may be grateful to him; but he is cursed with a turn for epigrams and eloquence, and he keeps breaking out and bewildering us when we most fondly hope that we have got him safe and that he is going to instruct us. He takes up his parable against Austria, and thunders away in that flowery historical style which is so distracting. "From the days of the hyena of Prague to the days of the hyena of Brescia the policy of the HAPSBURGs has been essentially the same," and so forth. Oh! for one hour of blind old DRYADUST, who at least, if we went through the intense nuisance of reading him, let us know more or less what he meant. Even when we do know what Mr. EVANS means, we too often have to listen to nothing but screams of passion. Count ANDRASSY, we are told, in accepting the task of occupying Bosnia, served his sovereign and betrayed his country. Why should we not say that Count ANDRASSY served his sovereign and took the line he thought best for his country, although a visitor to Kulen Vakup and a friend of Fat ALAJ thinks he judged wrongly? If we could simply put aside the writer's impassioned utterances and stick entirely to his facts, no great harm would be done. But facts are only what a man sees or hears, and it is he that brings the eye and the ear to the task of collecting information. We cannot be quite easy about the eye and ear of an observer whose mind was tossed with thoughts of the hyenas of Prague and Brescia, and who was perfectly positive that Count ANDRASSY had betrayed his country.

Taking into account the furious prepossessions of Mr. EVANS on the one hand, and his indisputable knowledge of the country on the other, we find the following facts in his article for our consideration. To the credit side of Austria's account there stand some items of considerable importance. She has overthrown for ever the tyranny of Pashas and Kaimakams; she has abrogated the whole iniquitous system of tax-farming; she has removed the religious disabilities that weighed upon the Rayah; and she has terminated the wholesale murder and outrage of a reign of terror. On the other hand, the debtor side is heavy. Austria governs through an alien bureaucracy and soldiery; the provinces are more heavily taxed than they were under the Turks; the Serbs are persecuted for being Serbs; an agrarian system which they detest has been reimposed on the cultivators of the soil; and the refugees who had fled to Austria were sent back with so much cruel negligence that nearly one-half of them perished. The general result is stated by Mr. EVANS to be that their Austrian rulers are equally detested by Mahomedans and Christians, and that in despair numbers have taken to the hills, and live, or try to live, by brigandage. As illustrations of the tyranny of an alien bureaucracy, we are told that the Serbs are not allowed to have the benefit of the old Cyrillic characters being used in public documents, and that telegrams complaining to the EMPEROR of local officials are burked in the offices from which they are supposed to have been despatched. Cemeteries have been converted into public gardens, and rows of houses have been knocked down for street improvements without compensation to the proprietors. The Serbs are persecuted for being Serbs in different ways. In the first place, they are not allowed to call themselves Serbs, which must no doubt be trying. German is to be made obligatory in the higher schools. The masters are to be corporals in the army. Under these circumstances the Serbs are beginning to try to make their own language more like the Russian. Not that they have the slightest wish to fall politically into the hands of Russia. "The memories of their own ancient Czars, of SAMUEL and STEPHEN, effectually withhold their allegiance from the Russian autocrat." But in the midst of their misery and brigandage they seem to have literary aspirations; and, as they have not much of a literature of their own, they feel obliged to import one, and fancy that the shades of SAMUEL and STEPHEN would smile more blandly on the introduction of Russian than on that of German learning. We imagine that they are right, and that SAMUEL, at any rate, would hardly have been up to GOETHE. The tenure of land under the Turks was what is known in books of political economy as a metayer tenure. The holder of the soil paid to the proprietor one-third of the crops. This tenure has been reimposed, or, at least, the Austrians have done their best to reimpose it. The proprietors are mostly Mahomedans, and the holders Christians; and the

Christians hoped in their sanguine way that Austria would terminate the old tenure by the simple process of letting the holders have the land and pay nothing for it. In this they have been disappointed, and they feel their disappointment keenly. The repatriation of the refugees was managed, unless Mr. EVANS is more mistaken than it is possible to believe him to be, in a most clumsy and heartless way. The poor wretches were driven over the border to starve and die in the snow. Austria had given them but very scanty hospitality while she allowed them to remain on her soil, and carted them into the wilderness when she wished finally to be rid of them.

The main conclusion at which Mr. EVANS arrives is that Austria does not deserve to be promoted to the office of protecting any more Slav nationalities, that it would be very dangerous for her to go forward to Salonica, and that she should be restrained by other Powers, and especially by England, if she showed any signs of moving in that direction. It is easy to agree with him that Austria would be guilty of the height of folly if she trod in the dangerous path of adventurous annexation; that the subject nationalities of Turkey do not wish to pass under the domination of Austria, and that it certainly is not the business of England to exert the influence she may justly claim to possess in favour of an alien and aggressive Power. But Mr. EVANS does not appear to us to do anything like justice to the disinclination of the Austrians themselves to become aggressive or adventurous. The occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina is looked on in Austria as a sad necessity. Austria could not go on any longer with the tyranny of Pashas and Kaimakams on her border. She did not see any way of making this tyranny cease except by occupying the provinces. If the inhabitants had been left to themselves, they would have simply cut each other's throats. To have handed them back to Turkey, and merely pledged the Turks to reform, would have been an idle and cruel mockery. In carrying out the undertaking forced on them, much against their will, the Austrians have done some things well and some things badly. The Rayahs entirely declined to be content with anything short of being allowed such a domination over the Mahomedans as the Mahomedans had been used to exercise over them. No honest and civilized Government could have permitted this. The first basis of good administration is to do justice to every one, and nothing could have been more unjust than to alter by a stroke of the pen the whole tenure of property, and to confiscate the lands of Mahomedans in order to please Christians. That the Austrians, on the other hand, have not unjustly sacrificed Christians to please Mahomedans is shown by the statement of Mr. EVANS that the Austrians are equally detested by both. It may further be observed that even Mr. EVANS, although his brain is teeming with Hapsburg hyænas, does not appear to have noticed that the inhabitants of the provinces had any reason to complain of the Austrian soldiery. There may have been displayed civilian harshness, but not military cruelty. That the Austrian bureaucracy has not been very genial or accommodating, and that it has gone on in its usual vexatious bureaucratic way, is highly probable; but these are faults of all bureaucracies, and Austria had no other machinery of administration than its bureaucracy to employ in introducing good government. After reading all that Mr. EVANS has to say, we may still think that the Austrian occupation was better for the provinces than anything else they could practically get, and that, while they have done some good by their occupation, the Austrians are not to be severely blamed for such evils as may have accompanied the accomplishment of their work. At the same time, as it was Europe that invited Austria to go into Bosnia and Herzegovina, it is clearly beneficial that Europe should watch what she does now she has got there, and should learn to distinguish between a case where an Austrian occupation was the least evil open to choice, and cases in which an Austrian occupation would be as unjust and unnecessary as it would be ruinous to herself.

AMERICAN POLITICS.

POLITICAL like social fashions inevitably wear out; and the people of the United States no longer attach absorbing interest to Presidential elections. The policy and prosperity of the Union will be but imperceptibly affected by the result of the contest which is now languidly

beginning. The Republicans and the Democrats will find it difficult to promulgate distinctive opinions for the purposes of the canvass; and the President who may be elected will be neither able nor willing to exercise any controlling influence over public affairs. There is every reason to expect that the protective tariff will be maintained, and that the currency will be neither secured by the abolition of paper money as a legal tender nor depreciated by excessive coinage of silver. The interference of Federal troops with State elections has ceased to raise any practical question; and Civil Service reform seems destined to be indefinitely postponed. Except to professional managers of elections, it matters little whether Republican supremacy is to be at last interrupted; and probably the internal contest for nominations will excite more interest than the ultimate election. Among the Democrats only two or three names have been mentioned; and the hope that Senator BAYARD may detach a few votes from the Republicans is probably chimerical. Mr. TILDEN has at last informed his followers that he is still a candidate for the Democratic nomination; and probably he will be preferred by his party to any competitor. He seems to have established a claim to support by his success in obtaining a majority of votes at the last election, though he was deprived of the fruits of victory by the frauds of Southern Republican agents. Charges of personal dishonesty, which were preferred against Mr. TILDEN by his opponents, were properly disregarded as ordinary incidents in a nearly-balanced contest. Foreigners are sometimes surprised at the readiness of American orators and journalists to prove that a candidate who may possibly become a President is a notorious swindler; but they are probably aware that their calumnies are not even provisionally believed.

A few scattered parists raise a plausible objection to all the candidates for the Presidency. None of them are supposed to be specially opposed to political corruption as it is ordinarily practised by party managers. Mr. TILDEN, Mr. BLAINE, and Mr. SHERMAN have attained high positions in their respective parties by their skill in manipulating special interests and in managing elections. General GRANT's last administration was discredited by the constant disclosure of official frauds, in some of which members of the Cabinet were engaged. There is little use in vague aspirations to theoretical purity. It is scarcely possible that any American politician should have become conspicuous enough to be a candidate for the Presidency, except by compliance with the conditions on which success in public life depends. There is no reason to believe that the Republicans in general think worse of Mr. SHERMAN because he has employed the subordinate officers of the Treasury throughout the Union to act as his election agents. It is true that the PRESIDENT forbade by proclamation any such employment of public servants; but Mr. HAYES was not a candidate for re-election. Mr. BLAINE, who seems to obtain more votes than Mr. SHERMAN, is a politician of the same class. None of his supporters doubt that, if he becomes President, his patronage will be used to reward their services. It must be difficult to cultivate or even to affect enthusiasm for candidates possessed perhaps of more than average ability, but representing no intelligible cause or principle, while they profess exactly the same opinions, which indeed are also held by their Democratic opponents.

Over his competitors of both parties General GRANT enjoys the great advantage of personal distinction. If he was not an especially scrupulous or efficient President, he had previously been a successful commander, and he has since contrived to obtain recognition in foreign countries as the most eminent of living Americans. The objection which was first raised to a second re-election, or to a third term of Presidential office, has lost its force as the proposed innovation became familiar. It is argued that reappointment after an interval is not liable to the objection that a President is tempted to use the powers of his office for his own benefit. The interval of four years has been sufficient to enable General GRANT to detach himself from associates or dependents with whom a connexion might be objectionable. It is difficult for foreign observers to test the accuracy of the statements which are made by General GRANT's supporters and opponents. The first State Convention which decided in his favour was that of Pennsylvania, which was managed by the well-known CAMERON family, probably not in the interests of political or official purity. A majority of the Republican delegates of New York was also secured; but other Northern States have hesitated, and there are no

indications of the enthusiasm which might have been expected to welcome his candidature. The nominations of GRANT by Republican Conventions in two or three Southern States will have little ultimate value, because the votes of their Presidential electors will almost certainly be given to the Democratic nominee; but they may count for something in the Republican Convention. The partisans of General GRANT still assert that he will be nominated at Chicago in preference to Mr. BLAINE. Mr. SHERMAN has a much smaller following; and it is thought that his adherents may ultimately vote for GRANT. Before the canvass began sanguine partisans hoped that GRANT's supposed popularity would give him the votes of one or more Southern States; but it is now understood that the Democrats will control all the Southern votes, and that, if they can secure New York and Ohio, they will elect a President. On the whole the chances incline to the Republican party, and among their candidates to General GRANT, though he has not been chosen, as his friends had hoped, by popular acclamation. It is not impossible that if GRANT is elected he may disappoint both his opponents and his partisans. He is shrewd and determined, and although he formerly gave way to the professional politicians of the Senate, he is now equal or superior to any rival in practical experience. It would be greatly to the interest of a President to break through the less creditable traditions of the office. It is not impossible that a reform of the Civil Service, rendered practicable by an appeal to the patriotism of the people, might procure for General GRANT a fourth term of office.

As far as it is at present possible to judge, the future President may hope to hold office in prosperity and peace. The revival of trade in the United States is both more rapid and more certain than on this side of the Atlantic; and the incessant strikes which derange particular branches of industry have for the most part been justified by a success which is in itself a proof of commercial and industrial prosperity. In all countries the Government for the time obtains a certain amount of credit from the prevalence of good fortune among the community. There will also be opportunities of appealing to popular vanity. The actual PRESIDENT, though he is not of a blustering disposition, has taken occasion to proclaim a new doctrine of international law, which his successors will probably consider themselves bound to maintain. It seems that the MONROE doctrine, which took its origin in a short-sighted suggestion of CANNING's, has now grown into a claim of sovereignty for certain purposes over the whole American continent. When M. DE LESSEPS first proposed to unite the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by a canal, he was warned that his enterprise would fail unless it received the sanction of the American Government. It mattered comparatively little whether the President and the Congress had a right to interfere with a scheme which they had the power to defeat. No prudent capitalist would provide money for the construction of a canal which could scarcely be constructed without the permission of the American Government. The PRESIDENT and the SECRETARY OF STATE now assert that the work must become American property, though a treaty exists by which the United States and Great Britain undertake to guarantee the independence and neutrality of an inter-oceanic canal. It is perhaps fortunate that the projector is a Frenchman, and that the work itself may possibly be indefinitely delayed. In the meantime it will be desirable to abstain, if possible, from disputing a pretension which it may be ultimately necessary to admit. The MONROE doctrine was sufficiently valid, when backed by threats of force, to compel NAPOLEON III. to withdraw the French army from Mexico. It would be difficult to protect a Panama Canal against American troops and ships. The Federal Government might find a shadow of precedent for its claims in the more moderate pretensions of Great Britain to the free use of the Suez Canal. It cannot be denied that, if M. DE LESSEPS's scheme were accomplished, it would be largely used for the coasting trade between the Atlantic and Pacific shores of the United States. The communication would be at least as indispensable to the American Union as the free use of the Suez Canal to the Power which possesses India.

THE BRIGHTON REVIEW.

THOSE who maintained, amidst the foolish sneers and equally foolish praise of which the Volunteers were once the subject, that the movement had real stuff in it, have good reason to be satisfied with the evidence that time has yielded of the truth of their theory. The Brighton Review was in its infancy a mere monster excursion, and, what was worse, it was constantly maintained that a monster excursion was all that it was possible to make it. When it was objected that volunteering had been set on foot for military and not social ends, and that, if these military ends were habitually neglected, there might as well be no Volunteers, some unwise friends of the movement resorted, by way of answer, to gushing declamation about the advantages of exercise and the charms of good-fellowship. If a force which had in it the making of good soldiers could have been spoiled by newspaper folly, volunteering would by this time have been reckoned among extinct crazes. The review of last Monday was in all respects a most satisfactory contrast to its predecessors. The fact that it is separated from the last of them by so long an interval makes this improvement the more conspicuous. Of course the sham fight on the Downs was not a very striking example of the military art. Sham fights in England seldom are so, even where the combatants are regular troops. The national regard for private property stands very much in the way, and the prescription in favour of Volunteers, though it is growing, is yet a long way short of the prescription in favour of fox-hunters. Regiments in different stages of efficiency can hardly be expected to show to the best advantage on the one day in the year on which they have an opportunity of acting together. But in the Brighton Review there are more important things than the sham fight. The conditions under which it takes place are certainly never to be paralleled in real warfare. The Volunteers would then be differently brigaded and differently led. The change which is so encouraging in the proceedings of last Monday is the change in the whole bearing of the regiments which took part in them. On the Sunday, when a large number of Volunteers were quartered in the town, Brighton seems to have presented a wholly different aspect from that which it wore on the corresponding day in former years. The Volunteers have learnt that while they are in uniform they ought to be subject to all the restraints to which regular soldiers are subject. They have come to Brighton to learn, so far as is possible in so short a time, what soldiering is really like, and it is only by seizing every occasion of study which is presented to them that they can do this to any purpose. Even in the hardest campaigns there is a good deal besides fighting to be done, and these secondary, but not unimportant, aspects of a soldier's life may be better studied perhaps at Brighton than the more purely warlike side. Endurance of unaccustomed hardships, punctuality, subordination of amusement to business, observance of discipline when not actually under arms—these and the like are the qualities in which the Volunteers seem to have gained so greatly; and, if they had never marched to the Downs at all, their improvement in these respects would have given their real well-wishers the best possible ground for satisfaction. The Volunteers cost the country something, and the country has consequently a right to ask what return it gets for its money. Reviews such as those of Monday last supply a most encouraging answer to this inquiry. The Volunteers constitute a second line of defence of very genuine value. It may be hoped that the navy will never be so far neglected as to give an enemy the opportunity of testing what this second line is worth; but we may assume that the chances of an invader's success have been appreciably diminished by the progress which the Volunteers have made since the days when the publication of the *Battle of Dorking* first startled people into considering what amount of protection the force was likely to afford.

The Brighton Review of 1880 shows very plainly under what treatment volunteering best prospers. For some years past there has been no disposition on the part of the military authorities to accord the Volunteers any undue favour. They have been told a good many useful truths, and taught to do without the flattery which it was at one time the fashion to bestow on them whenever they performed the simplest military duty without breaking down. It has been seen that the War Office meant business, and the

Volunteers have had the good sense to see that to mean business was the best compliment that the War Office could pay them. A notion used to prevail that the Volunteers needed to be coaxed into doing even the minimum of work required of them, and that the best form which coaxing could take was the reduction of that minimum to the lowest possible point. No theory could be more shortsighted. Even if some men would have been induced to become Volunteers by the prospect of having nothing to do except march out with their corps when they happened to want a little gregarious exercise, at least as many would have been kept out of the force by the certainty that there was nothing to be learnt by joining it. If the numerical losses from this cause had only equalled the gains, the result to the movement would have been disastrous. The men who would have been kept out would have been the men it was important to gain; the men who would have been tempted in would have been men whom it was better to lose. In proportion as the demands made on the Volunteers have grown, their numbers and their diligence have steadily increased. Many have joined them when they saw that they were expected to make themselves soldiers, so far as the time they could give to the work allowed, to whom playing at soldiers would have had no attraction whatever. If some foolish friends of the movement had been listened to, volunteering would by this time have died out. Its strength has lain in the fact that in its later stages it placed before the Volunteer recruit a standard of efficiency which it was worth while taking some trouble to attain. The accounts of the march past on Monday show a degree of proficiency which can only have been secured by considerable practice, and when the first novelty has worn off considerable practice means considerable self-denial. Drill may be pleasant enough when a man is at it; but a Volunteer does not become qualified to take his part in a review such as that of Monday without going to drill a good many times when he would rather be somewhere else.

The London and Brighton Railway Company has apparently profited by the long interval which has elapsed since the last review on a great scale. The punctuality of the whole service was remarkable, and allowed the programme of the day to be carried out with exceptional accuracy of detail. Considering how large a part railways now play in warfare, it is a pity that Volunteer reviews are not more turned to account by way of practice. Unfortunately the interests of the Companies very often conflict with those of the War Office in this matter. The Companies want to be carrying pleasure-takers on the very same days on which the War Office wants them to be carrying Volunteers. The burden falls with peculiar severity on the London and Brighton Company, because Brighton can only be approached by that line, and the town is especially convenient for Volunteer reviews. Notwithstanding this latter fact, there seems no adequate reason why Brighton should always be chosen. As much may be gained by learning how to dispense with conveniences as by learning how to make the most of them. If ever the Volunteers should be called out for active service, the enemy would not arrange his movements with any regard to facilities either of transit or of commissariat. At least the facilities consulted would be exclusively his own. It would be well that the staff of other Companies besides the London and Brighton should have the benefit of an experience which in England must be gained from the Volunteers or not at all. It is not expedient that the Government should ever appear in the character of a disappointed suitor for a Company's favours, and statutory powers might very well be taken to compel all railways to carry Volunteers on one of the summer Bank holidays, with proper provisions against an undue share of the burden being thrown on any one Company. Those Companies which do not command the accommodation of all kinds which is furnished by the Brighton station would thus be trained in the art of making the most of what is to be had at the station chosen on military grounds to be the scene of the review. Though the number of the Volunteers present at a review under these circumstances might be less, the benefit to the officers would be decidedly greater.

ELEMENTARY TEACHERS.

THE week of a General Election is an unhappy occasion for the meeting of a "Conference." When these interesting gatherings are held in the autumn the newspapers are glad to give them a prominence which is measured chiefly by the absence of other matter. In September the three days' meeting of the National Union of Elementary Teachers, which seems to have been going on at Brighton since Monday, would have filled an equal number of columns on each of the three days. As it is, we are left in doubt whether the proceedings extended beyond the first evening. The President's address, however, would alone give the public ample matter for reflection, if just now they had time to reflect. The growing incongruity between the machinery and the object of elementary education was never more strikingly shown. Everybody knows in a rough sort of way what the education of the poor is in practice. Children go to school when they are about five years old, and the great majority of them leave school when they are about twelve. In this interval, if their attendance is regular and the teaching good, they learn to read fairly, to write not very badly, and to know enough of figures to carry them through the calculations of ordinary life. In addition to this, they learn such things as can be conveyed to them through the books which they must read for practice, and as they cannot be kept to the three R's for the whole of every school-day, they learn such things as can be taught them without books by their teachers. If the elementary schools were all that they ought to be, a child would leave school at twelve not altogether unequipped for the humble career which ordinarily lies before him. He would read well enough to improve his acquaintance with books if his taste led him that way; he would be able to make out a bill, to sign a receipt, and to write a letter; he would be familiar enough with figures not to be cheated in paying an account; and he would have some slight general knowledge of the physical conditions of the world and of the historical conditions of the country in which he lives—that kind of knowledge which an intelligent teacher can give in conversational lectures with the help of a black board, some maps, and a few tables of dates. This is what an elementary school may hope to do under very favourable circumstances. It is needless to say that in a very large number of cases circumstances are not very favourable. Children come to school when they are too old, and leave it when they are too young. While they are there they do not attend regularly. The school apparatus is old-fashioned or otherwise unsuitable. The teacher is a bad hand at keeping order, and consequently a great deal of time is wasted. From these and similar causes the most is not made of the single opportunity that the children have of learning anything, and many of them go away from school knowing very little, and certain to forget even that little. These, even at the best, are the objects for which elementary schools exist. It is well to enumerate them by way of reminder, because we are sure that the nature and extent of them would never be divined from the opening address at the Conference of elementary teachers. The speaker claimed for the Union that it had created in the public mind a truer estimate of the work and position of teachers, had checked unsound educational legislation, and had secured many acknowledged improvements in the code. That it may have achieved this last result is possible. The code is now so fearfully and wonderfully made that it would be the height of rashness to dogmatize as to how its multitudinous clauses found their way into it. As regards the supposed enlightenment of the public mind, it is to be feared that the Union congratulates itself without cause. There is nothing about which people are more hopelessly at sea than the work and position of elementary teachers. They have no clear idea of the qualifications wanted for the work or of the means by which these qualifications are to be secured.

It is certain that they will receive no enlightenment, except of a purely negative kind, from the address in which these triumphant results are claimed on behalf of the Teachers' Union. The whole of it may be read and re-read without any suspicion that it refers to schools of the sort we have been describing. It speaks of the teachers' function as being to give a "liberal education." It urges them not to neglect the acquisition of political influence.

It advocates the creation of a Representative Educational Council, incorporated by Act of Parliament, in which shall be vested the sole power of granting diplomas to teachers. It complains that the present supply of teachers is far in excess of the demand, which we presume is the equivalent in Economical language of a complaint that even now teachers cannot get as high salaries as they think they deserve. It objects to the employment of pupil teachers, and raises the question whether the education of teachers should not begin at the training colleges instead of ending there. All this, it will be observed, has reference to the partially gratuitous teaching of poor children under twelve years old. It is to them that a "liberal education" is to be "given." It is for their benefit that a Representative Educational Council is to be incorporated, and that teachers are to be subjected to a longer and a more costly preparation than is now prescribed for them. So far as we can see, the whole of the supposed gain will be intercepted on the journey. The Teachers' Union suggests no way of keeping children longer at school; its one object is to ensure that teachers shall be more expensively prepared and more largely paid for teaching them while they are there. The process the Union proposes to itself is one for the better provision and grinding of razors with which to cut stone blocks. It is only to be expected that a large profession should look after its own advancement, and there is no reason to quarrel with elementary teachers for not being more unselfish than their neighbours. All that it is necessary to do is to warn the public that their interests and the interests of elementary teachers, as interpreted by the National Union, are antagonistic rather than identical. What is wanted in the interest of the public is a sufficient supply of competent teachers who are not above their work. It is plain, from the President's address, that some members of the Teachers' Union are very much above their work. It is a most important thing that the children of the poor should receive the rudiments of education; and the law has been very properly called in to ensure that they do receive them. It is quite right that every parent should be compelled to send his child to school for a reasonable number of years, and that while the child is nominally at school the parent should be compelled to see that he attends regularly. It is greatly to be desired that the years which a child stays at school should be spent under the care of capable and intelligent teachers. So far, however, from there being any need of a new organization to provide teachers, there seems rather need for a revision of the arrangements already existing for that purpose. We are in danger, as it seems, of getting too good an instrument for our money—too good, that is to say, not in regard of the work itself, but in regard of the estimation in which the instrument holds the work. The career of an elementary teacher cannot be an exciting one. He may look of course to the satisfaction that attends the consciousness of humble service honestly rendered. But the service will remain humble to the last, and if the teacher does not realize this fact, he will be very likely not to honestly render it. The proceedings of the Teachers' Conference at Brighton, so far as can be judged from the opening address, are distinctly open to this objection. They point to a conception of the elementary teacher's duties which must inevitably be injurious to the proper discharge of them. An engine-driver who thought that he ought to have been a Civil Engineer, and whose mind was chiefly occupied with schemes for raising his class and himself with it to this its proper level, would not succeed in doing what he wanted, but he would make an uncommonly bad engine-driver while he was trying to do it. As regards elementary teachers, the danger arising from their becoming over ambitious is twofold. There is first the probability that they will do their proper work less well, and next the probability that they will insensibly change the character of their work. So long as the Government grant depends on the number of children who pass the Inspector's examination, managers may probably be trusted to keep the former tendency in check. But there is no room for similar confidence as regards the second tendency. There are many philanthropic persons who see matter for rejoicing in every addition to the Schedule of Extra Subjects, and who think that the money of needy ratepayers cannot be better employed than in giving children, whose parents are in many cases better off than they are, the means of qualifying themselves for entry into a superior school. It is upon this senti-

mental disposition that the Teachers' Union will seek to work; and, judging from the proceedings of the London and Birmingham School Boards, it may fairly hope to work upon it with considerable effect.

THE JESUITS AND THE CIVIL POWER.

WE have discussed elsewhere the decree issued by the French Government, with questionable justice and more than questionable wisdom, for the expulsion of the Jesuits. But whatever may be thought of the policy and probable results of the rebuke thus administered to the Senate for its rejection of the seventh clause of the Ferry Bill, the feeling which prompted the measure opens out an inquiry of considerable interest, which the indiscreet method of its expression in the present case tends rather to heighten than to diminish. For the existing hostility of French Republicans to the Jesuits is no isolated or exceptional phenomenon, nor is it at all peculiar either to France or to the Republic. It is of course true, as we have been copiously reminded in the course of the recent debates in the French Chambers, that the Monarchy of the Restoration maintained an equally unfriendly attitude towards the Order, while about a century ago the Court of France joined the other Catholic Powers in demanding its suppression. But this is only a very small part of the truth. From its very foundation the Jesuit Society has somehow or other enlisted against itself the jealous hostility both of civil and ecclesiastical authorities in every Roman Catholic country of Europe, not less than of Protestants, against whose advance it was specially organized. This is surely a sufficiently remarkable fact, and it does not become less remarkable when we reflect that the conflict appears always to have been keenest in those countries where the Jesuits were most intimately known. The Order was founded by a Spanish knight, and it bears in its character and constitution the traces of its Spanish origin. Yet it was Charles III. of Spain who brought about the league of Catholic sovereigns which led to its suppression by Pope Clement XIV. In Italy, again, the new Society found its earliest home, and has always had its headquarters and the base of its operations; and in Italy—and among their own former pupils—the Jesuits have met their bitterest and most uncompromising assailants. We have said that from the first they had provoked the animosity of both civil and ecclesiastical authorities, and in saying this we did not refer only or chiefly to the rivalry—often exceedingly bitter—between the secular and regular clergy, which dates from the earliest introduction of religious orders into the Church, and is intelligible enough, even apart from the justice or injustice of their mutual recriminations. Yet even here it may be worth noting that no other order—not even the Franciscans, who were the best hated of all during the later middle ages—ever managed to draw on itself the same intensity of mingled hatred and distrust. It is more material to remark, what is at first sight far more inexplicable, that not only bishops but the Popes themselves have from the days of Ignatius downwards shown a deep distrust of the Society expressly organized by him for the maintenance and augmentation of Papal autocracy. Paul III. inserted a clause in the original Bull of authorization, limiting the number of members to sixty, and although he was afterwards induced to withdraw a restriction so fatal to their aims, Sixtus V., by far the ablest pontiff of the sixteenth century, resolved on enforcing several sweeping changes in their constitution, including a change of name, about which they were extremely sensitive, and was only prevented from carrying out his intentions by the shortness of his reign. Two centuries later Clement XIV. was willing enough to accede to the universal demand of Catholic Europe for their suppression; and it is an open secret that there is little love lost between the Jesuits and the present occupant of the Papal throne. It must be allowed that such facts require an explanation, which is not adequately supplied by their own proud boast of how completely their founder's prayer has been answered, that they might be hated of all men, like Him whose name they have assumed, and for His name's sake.

There may be said, roughly speaking, to be three current phases of opinion which may be taken variously to interpret the traditional instinct or prejudice against the Jesuits. We have first the popular Protestant hypothesis, of which Mr. Whalley used to be the spokesman in Parliament, and which found a ghastly illustration in the sensational religious works of the days of our grandmothers. According to this view the Jesuits are a kind of secret police of the Evil One, being occupied in promoting the interests of their Church, which are identified with their own, by fair means or foul, with a diabolical craft only exceeded by their diabolical wickedness. They have spies or familiars, male or female, in every court, every society, in almost every private family—especially in Protestant families; they are united in a chronic conspiracy against the peace alike of households and of empires. It was not beneath them to bribe or coerce the reporters, as he publicly complained in Parliament, into garbling their version in the *Times* of the somewhat inaudible language of a venerable Irish peer lately deceased, and it is not beyond their capacity to control by invisible and unsuspected agencies the policy of States, and virtually to shape the destinies of the civilized world. They are gifted with the preternatural power, as well as the Satanic malice, of the genii of Eastern fable, while, unlike them, they are closely bound together in a federation of evil for the pur-

suit of a common end. They are disguised at this moment, in spite of the labours of the Church Association, in the surplice of Anglican rectors, while "the female Jesuit" plies her seductive arts under the innocent semblance of a Protestant kitchen-maid. Let no one imagine that we have dressed up a mere scarecrow of our own, or laid on one touch of colouring which it would not be easy to match in the familiar pictures drawn by Protestant alarmists. No rational person of course accepts this startling caricature—which may be compared with the delineation of the Freemasons sometimes found in foreign Jesuit treatises—but even the silliest caricature has usually some kind of basis, however inadequate, and there could hardly be so much smoke if there was no fire. More plausible, and less wildly inaccurate, is the opposite hypothesis, formerly prevalent among English Liberals, and accepted with a difference by many earnest Roman Catholics, that the Jesuits are much like other orders in the Church of Rome, more zealous and energetic perhaps, and therefore naturally more offensive to those who regard with dislike or fear the progress of the Roman Catholic religion, but not otherwise distinguishable from the general mass of religious corporations from which they are so sharply and unfavourably discriminated by the recent action of the French Government. This view on the surface looks reasonable enough, and it is really nearer the truth than the Protestant bogey view, but it is not the less quite unequal to the exigency of facts. Benedictines, Dominicans, and Franciscans have been in their day as zealous and as influential as Jesuits, and the Dominicans moreover were officially connected with the hateful and hated Inquisition, yet none of these vast and powerful organizations have ever encountered, either within the pale of their own Church or beyond it, a tithe of the suspicion and enmity so persistently roused by the children of Ignatius. Some third hypothesis is manifestly required, which, without violating the dictates of experience and common sense, shall yet do justice to the admitted facts of the case past and present. And that hypothesis may perhaps be not inaptly summed up in the well-known saying about the Jesuits, *ubi bene, nihil melius: ubi male, nihil pejus*. They have been powerful alike for good and for evil, but always powerful, and always using their power, whether well or ill, for the aggrandizement of their Order. They have acted all along as an *imperium in imperio*, confronting "the white Pope" with "the black Pope," and not unfrequently pitting the one against the other with a large measure of at least temporary success. And hence from their first origin the Popes have been very naturally suspicious of these self-chosen prætorians, as the Roman Emperors were jealous of the Prætorian Guards and the Sultan of the Janissaries, lest they too should aspire to make and unmake and mould the rulers before whose throne they bowed in professedly absolute subjection.

No estimate of the Jesuits would be a fair one which ignored the real services they have rendered to the highest interests of their Church, and indeed to the cause of Christian civilization. They have been effective preachers, and were for a long time the ablest and most accomplished teachers of youth throughout the continent of Europe; even now, when they seem to a great extent to have lost their educational cunning, their schools in France are pronounced by independent critics, like Mr. Matthew Arnold, to be at least equal in intellectual working, and decidedly superior in moral culture, to the best of the Government *lycées*. They have on the whole maintained unbroken, in spite of the worse than questionable ethical system exposed by Pascal, a far higher standard of moral purity in their own body than any of their rivals either among religious orders or the secular priesthood. And they have shown themselves devoted, untiring, and very successful missionaries in heathen lands. Yet even here their career has been marked by strange aberrations, inconsistent at once with their religious profession and with the principles of morality, as in the famous controversy about the "Chinese Rites," described at length in Mr. Cartwright's *Historical Sketch*. And that very controversy would alone suffice to remind us that, after full allowance has been made, as it ought to be made, for *ubi bene, nihil melius*, there is also another and a darker side to the picture. The ambitious design which was indelibly impressed by Ignatius Loyola on the constitution—we might add the very name—of his Order has proved throughout the secret both of its weakness and its strength. To that supreme end all considerations, moral and religious, not excluding their most cherished theological principle, have been subordinated. From the first they were not content to trust to their enormous educational and spiritual influence, but aspired also to "shape the whispers" of all the Catholic thrones of Europe, and to undermine all the thrones which they regarded as anti-Catholic. They governed the French Church through the mistresses of Louis XIV., and they plotted persistently against the crown and life of Queen Elizabeth. They did not scruple to make good their position at the French Court by more than conniving at Gallican opinions—which could never have been their own—and actually helped to frame the Declaration of Gallican Liberties. When threatened with expulsion from France in the last century, they offered to purchase a reprieve by teaching the Four Gallican Articles, which directly contravene the fundamental principles of Jesuit theology. Their influence has everywhere been used, and perhaps consistently used, in the service of both civil and ecclesiastical despotism, but the means employed have not unfrequently been such as no plea of conscience could excuse. When the Order was dissolved by the authority of the Holy See, which they of all men were bound to respect as final and absolute,

they held together in defiance of it under the shelter of the schismatic Governments of Russia and Prussia. They are not only "Catholics first and patriots afterwards," in whatever country their lot may be cast, but Jesuits first and Catholics afterwards. The interests of the Church are to their minds summed up in the interests of their own Order, and a Pope who opposes them, like Ganganelli, is, ecclesiastically speaking, no better than a suicidal maniac, whose dangerous perversity it is the truest charity to restrain. Still more of course are secular Governments which pursue an anti-Catholic—that is an anti-Jesuit—policy to be treated as natural enemies; while in dealing with Governments which could be made subservient to their purposes they would adopt, as they have shown in France, in Mexico, in China, and in Russia, a policy of the extreme Erastianism. That a society numbering many thousands of members, spread over the face of the world and organized on the strictest principle of military discipline, so resolute in its ambitious aims, and so versatile and unscrupulous in its methods of prosecuting them, should be viewed with jealousy by civil Governments—and not least by the Governments of Roman Catholic countries, where its influence is most likely to be felt—can be no matter of surprise. Their official organ, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, specially authenticated by a Brief of Pius IX., declared shortly before the Vatican Council that "Christian States have ceased to exist; human society has relapsed into heathenism, and is like an earthly body with no breath from heaven." The *Syllabus* and the Vatican Council, the two crowning achievements of modern Jesuitism, were their chosen instruments for reversing this fatal tendency of modern civilization. It is not wonderful that the civil power, thus rudely challenged, should have learnt to regard the Church which they claimed to represent, and under the last pontificate practically ruled, as "an organization bristling with dangerous sentiments," and the Jesuit Order itself as "the Prætorian Guard of a dangerous ecclesiastical Cæsarism."

CANVASSING.

CANVASSING is one of the most ancient political practices in existence, and it is also one of the most disagreeable. Few, indeed, of those who aspire to Parliamentary honours are fortunate enough or bold enough altogether to escape from its mortifications, and for several days past hundreds of well-meaning and high-principled gentlemen have been suffering acutely from the mental and physical distress which it entails. Under the most favourable circumstances the ordeal is one to which all but the most inexperienced look forward with disgust; while in those places where the constituency just falls short of being large enough to render a personal canvass of the whole electoral body obviously impossible, a trial of the severest kind is put upon the health and temper of a candidate. In such cases it is considered a matter of paramount necessity that every effort should be made to accomplish the feat of shaking each individual voter by the hand; and for this purpose from morning till night the candidate, like some one of the professional pedestrians of the day, is compelled to devote himself to his task of dreary perambulation. Perhaps the canvassing of a county is even more trying than that of a borough. In bad weather it is certainly so, and at the best of times the distances which have to be covered obviously tend to aggravate the strain which the nervous system is called upon to endure.

The physical trial, however—the loitering in east winds, the hanging about unresponsive door-knockers, and the trudging in unsavoury slums—is not the worst of the evils which the canvasser has to suffer. The vigil which must be kept by this unhappy postulant of the honours of St. Stephen's possesses other features from which the stoutest heart may well recoil. Among these, the well-intentioned hospitality which produces for the refreshment of so distinguished a visitor the inevitable "sherry" is the most terrible. To refuse is dangerous; to drink is to rush upon almost certain doom. Between the affront and the glass the unfortunate candidate has no alternative; and he will probably, as long as tortured nature can endure, prefer rather to sip than to offend. Then, too, there is the absolute necessity of preserving an appearance of *bonhomie* and affability foreign possibly even to one's most favourable moments. In spite of the weariness of body, the east wind, and the sherry, each new elector must be greeted with a smile of benevolent joviality, and each new hand must be shaken with the same fervid heartiness. Nor can the mind even be allowed to distract itself from the appointed task. A jocose answer or a good-humoured repartee must be always ready should the occasion arise; while an ever-patient and sympathetic ear must be turned to the prolonged tales of complicated suffering which the humbler classes delight to tell. In an immense number of cases it will be found that the free and independent elector himself is absent; and in such an event all the arts of fascination have to be employed in securing the good opinion of the female part of the establishment. Especially on these occasions, and indeed always, must due notice be taken of the children, who will be found everywhere to abound in inverse proportion to the accommodation which the premises seem capable of affording; and the most pronounced attentions must be of course devoted to any baby whom the watchful eyes of the candidate or his companions may be able to detect. If nature has not implanted in your bosom an instinctive desire to kiss every infant in the constituency, yet, as the Honourable

Samuel Slumkey admitted, "it must be done." In spite, it may be, of your almost Herodian antipathies, the struggling innocent must be taken unhesitatingly upon the knee, and its suspicions, should its gaze be attracted in that direction, must be at once allayed by a detailed examination of the mysteries of your gold chronometer or any other part of your apparel which may take its youthful fancy. In these conciliatory efforts, which aim mainly or exclusively at winning the approbation of the female heart, it need scarcely be said that personal appearance is a matter of much importance. Talleyrand is said on one occasion to have defeated Mirabeau at an election for the National Assembly by calling attention to the fact of his rival being severely pitted by the smallpox; and there is no doubt that, especially in these domestic visits, the young and interesting candidate possesses a considerable advantage over a less prepossessing opponent. He will probably, in order to obtain the fullest benefit of it, be recommended to adopt, even at a considerable sacrifice of comfort, the most becoming and distinguished mode of dress which can be devised, and it may be well for him before taking his departure to present to each household a few cartes-de-visite, the distribution of which is the newest and most fashionable development of the electioneering art. Photographers are already in the habit of soliciting such orders "by the thousand copies," and no doubt when the great era of female suffrage ultimately arrives, enlarged photographs will be placarded as freely as "squibs" or addresses.

It is, however, necessary for the complete canvasser to be no less prepared for rebuffs than for conquest. Not impossibly the door, in answer to his insinuating tap, will be opened only just far enough to disclose the form of a hostile and implacable elector who lowers upon the disturber of his peace as savagely as if he were a sheriff's officer or the parish rate collector. In vain the most courteous smile is directed at this ugly Caliban. He grunts out perhaps that he is a Republican, or at any rate that "he don't want any of you," and the door is again shut with a sharp and decisive click which leaves you half inclined to laugh, and more than half inclined to commit immediate trespass and assault. But fortunately the rebuff direct of this kind is not common, and in most cases even the least yielding opponent is not unwilling to discuss his differences with his visitor upon the vantage ground of his own premises. Some persons we have met who, after welcoming their visitor with a most deceptive courtesy, have launched out as soon as it is too late for retreat into an evidently studied denunciation of him and his party. The unfortunate candidate, like the Wedding Guest, is unable to escape, and it will be almost useless for him to attempt to stir until his tormentor has succeeded in discharging the suppressed political irritation with which his breast is burdened. On these occasions the assistance of friends will be found invaluable for the purpose of distracting the attention of the foe from the principal object of his attack, but they can at best only make a slight diversion, and the first opportunity has to be taken of evacuating in as good order as possible the untenable position. Another stumbling-block which the canvasser is pretty sure to come across in the course of his peregrinations is the man who, without declaring himself absolutely irreconcilable, is desirous of having a few points cleared up before he can conscientiously promise his support, and who proceeds to interrogate the perhaps youthful and inexperienced politician as if he were an embodied digest of all the Blue-books in existence. The same gentleman is dissatisfied with some points of your recent speech, and the local paper having been produced, the oration delivered with so much effect a few nights since to an enthusiastic gathering of not over-logical supporters is subjected to a cold statistical criticism which it was ill fitted to bear.

Another difficulty to be contended with, and one against which it will be well to be prepared, is the man with a crotchet. He is a teetotaller, or an anti-vaccinator, or flogging in the army is his particular antipathy, and upon one or other of these hobbies his entire political energies are concentrated. Your feeble protestations in favour of temperance or your general declarations against persecution and cruelty serve rather to excite than to appease him. He will have a pledge or nothing; he demands the immediate suppression of the class or practice to which he objects, and unless you are prepared to join him in a Parliamentary crusade against publicans or doctors, or the cat, your eloquent remarks on Imperial interests and European policy will be wholly lost. Then, too, there is the religious enthusiast, who adopts the manner of a Jeremiah and warns you that the especial vengeance of Heaven is in store for your party in general and you in particular. Utterances of this kind are of course unanswerable, and the candidate will be compelled to depart summarily while his admonisher perhaps treats him to a few verses of one of Moody and Sankey's hymns as he goes, by way of exorcism. But it must not by any means be supposed that all or even the majority of persons with whom the canvasser has to deal will display any very lively interest, either hostile or otherwise, in the purpose of his visit. Absolute indifference to political disputes will be found in a great many cases to exist, and it will then be only on local or personal grounds that any successful appeal can be made. Among the very poor, the great difficulty is to parry the more or less direct invitations to bribery which are thrown out. Traditions of corruption still hang about certain districts and places, and a vote is there regarded strictly as an article of commerce. In such cases an air of considerable reserve and mystery is wont to be assumed; the fact of the existence of a wife and six children is insinuated, and the badness of the times is dwelt upon with peculiar emphasis. When these artifices fail in eliciting anything more than expres-

sions of sympathy, and assurances of the great regard entertained by "the party" for the working classes in general, more undisguised overtures will probably follow, and either there will be a direct intimation that, great as is the elector's devotion to yourself and your party, something will have to be done for him before his allegiance takes the practical form of coming to the poll, or, as is by no means uncommon with the more astute, some worthless article, such as a roll of blue calico or a cracked teapot, will be offered for purchase "on your own terms." As a last resort, something to drink is usually applied for, and when this, too, has to be refused, it requires more than ordinary tact to prevent an outbreak of undisguised hostility, which even the expressive glances of your experienced agent are unable to avert.

Amid such curiously varied experiences of men and manners the day's work is at length completed, and unless there is a meeting to be attended or a deputation to be received—which is only too probable—some few hours of well-earned repose may be enjoyed before the time comes for sallying forth upon the labours of the morrow. In such intervals one will be apt to reflect that perhaps even the proud position of a British legislator may be purchased at too dear a price; and certainly it is devoutly to be hoped that the days are not far distant when the hideous necessity of canvassing will be numbered with the *peine forte et dure* and other obsolete forms of torture.

A NEW EXPONENT OF MILL.

IN October last Professor Max Müller delivered an address "On Freedom" to the members of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, which he afterwards published in the *Contemporary Review* for November. To the majority of his readers his discourse probably appeared to be well worthy of consideration, if somewhat discursive, and to be marked by the singular liberality of thought which was to be expected in anything produced by this distinguished writer. The British Radical, however, is not as other men are, and he is able to detect over-much contentment with the existing state of society, and too marked an indisposition to break with the past, where others can only see unprejudiced thought and advanced ideas. One Mr. James T. Mackenzie has commented in this month's *Contemporary* on Professor Max Müller's article, and has certainly been animated by a strong desire to prove the shallowness of the optimist and conservative opinions he attacks. We must confess to not knowing who Mr. J. T. Mackenzie may be, or whether he has ever sought to enlighten the world before; but we are consoled for our ignorance by the reflection that, deplorable as it may be, it is probably general. Judging from the style of Mr. Mackenzie's essay, which reads so oddly in the excellent periodical to which he has been allowed to contribute, we should say that his sentences have hitherto been composed for the benefit of debating societies. One passage seems strongly to confirm this supposition. Mr. Mackenzie dislikes certain Acts of Parliament; so he says that, if the "printers had refused to give out the MS.," "if the compositors had struck rather than set up anything so utterly filthy and detestable; if policemen and surgeons had refused to exercise their powers, and had barbed their refusal with scorn and execration"; "if there had been a general insurrection and refusal to pay taxes"; "and if Englishwomen had gone into sackcloth," "then there would be reason to believe that the spirit of liberty was not lying in a swoon of drunken luxury in the English people." Now this remarkable piece of declamation, with its talk of barbed refusals, and sackcloth, and a spirit which somehow lies in a drunken swoon in a people, is very similar to that which greatly delights young men at debating clubs; and it is difficult to believe that the writer is not fresh from practice at one of those institutions. It is possible, however, that what seems the natural inference from this and other thrilling paragraphs is incorrect, and that Mr. Mackenzie is one who has long trodden in the paths of righteousness, and has often instructed mankind before. In that case, we can only compliment him on the youthful vigour which marks his peculiar rhetoric.

It may seem strange at first sight that Professor Max Müller's remarks about Mill should have raised Radical ire, inasmuch as he shares the views which that great writer expressed as to the gradual suppression of individuality, and says that, though "the enemy whose encroachments Mill feared most and resented most has been driven back and forced to keep within its own bounds," his "principal fears have nevertheless not been belied, and the blight of uniformity which he saw approaching with its attendant evils of feebleness, indifference, and sequacity, has been spreading more widely than ever in his days." Thoroughgoing worshippers, however, are never satisfied with what is said of their prophet by any one who has not the same unquestioning reverence and devotion as themselves; and Mr. Mackenzie is so angry with Professor Max Müller, apparently for venturing to handle Mill at all, that, with the grace and gentlemanly feeling which so often mark writers of his calibre, he hints that the Professor has not consulted on one point the work of which he speaks. In this Mr. Mackenzie is following the example of the Comtist writers, who frequently begin controversies by asserting that their antagonists have not read Comte; and, no doubt, it is permissible to believe that the dreary pages of the verbose Frenchman have been too much for students; but to suggest that a learned man, famous above all things for his untiring industry, has commented on a well-known and very short book without

having read it all is as childish as it is impertinent. However, Mr. Mackenzie is wroth, and with disputants of his class good sense and good taste alike disappear when indignation is felt. What cause there can be for anger, apart from the jealousy of a votary, it is certainly hard to discover. Seemingly, the reason for discontent with Professor Müller is that he thinks that men now enjoy as much freedom as Mill claimed for them twenty years ago. To none but the Radical mind could such a statement, whether altogether true or not, appear offensive; but to the Radical mind it is intensely irritating. "The passage in the Professor's article which most of all startled me," says Mr. Mackenzie, "was the following:—'I can hardly believe that, were he [Mill] still among us, he would claim a larger measure of freedom for the individual than is now accorded to every one of us in the society in which we move.'" Professor Müller therefore startles his eminent critic, and, it would seem, by inference reflects on Mill, when he says that Englishmen are free. To prove the erroneous nature of this shallow view, which, it is to be feared, is very generally held, Mr. Mackenzie refers to the statutes which he thinks so wicked, to "the Mrs. Besant dead-lock," to the Truelove prosecution, and then, after rambling in a hazy manner through various subjects, makes the following remarkable statement:—

There is scarcely one of the shackles to which Mill referred by name that has been removed; while several of the old weapons against freedom have been hunted up and loaded, ready to go off in case of need. Some causes of opprobrium have been removed, for example, by the Secular Oaths Bill; but, speaking broadly, whatever legal freedom of discussion and action has gained, has been gained by compromise or a fluke. The opening of museums, picture galleries, &c., on Sunday (which he advocates in strong terms, but as to which I hesitate greatly), will probably be carried before long; but, on the whole, the power of society over the individual, whether by law or otherwise, has been immensely fortified. Mr. Max Müller looks at these things from the summits of "the mountains of Rasselas," or some such place, with that splendid and capacious brain of his full of Sanskrit. If he will read more newspapers, and read them minutely, he will receive a very different impression from that which now possesses him. Judges, magistrates, barristers, and officials of various kinds have taken to putting on the legal screw in ways which were not dreamt of in the days when Mr. Mill wrote his Essay. I could quote from memory a score of instances within the last few months—instances, I mean, in which official administrators of one kind or the other have used the law as a screw to compel not only judicially formulated compliance, but compliance far beyond that limit. It is one of the vilest forms of persecution, and it is a growing one. The specific cases are passed over in silence, or half silence, because no one likes to touch pitch; but that is what the administrators count upon.

Of the specific cases referred to little need be said. Mr. Mackenzie happens to dislike statutes which were undoubtedly passed for the public welfare, and therefore speaks of them as though they belonged to the middle ages. Of the Truelove case he is not qualified to speak, as he admits himself that he has never seen the incriminated pamphlet. His general statements, however, do certainly charge either the governing classes or the majority—it is not clear which—with very grievous sins, and describe a condition of society which would utterly horrify Mr. Mill if he could come amongst us again. There is terrible oppression. Judges, magistrates, and officials put on the "legal screw," and in turn a screw—illegal, it may be presumed—is put on the judges and magistrates by some mysterious body, and the result is the vilest persecution. The ordinary Englishman, who is under the impression that he is the free citizen of a free country, will be astonished when he learns, from a paragraph which might at first sight be thought to describe Russia rather than England, how utterly mistaken he is. Perhaps, however, he will derive some consolation from observing, when he recovers himself enough to read the passage over again, that the assertions in it are altogether general, and are not supported by a tittle of proof. Mr. Mackenzie has been so "startled" by Professor Müller's statement that nowadays there is freedom in this country as to feel impelled to startle others by proclaiming that oppression and corruption are steadily advancing in the land. Wisely, however, he makes no attempt to prove the truth of his remarkable allegations, and for this reticence he doubtless has the best of all possible reasons. The gentleman who steadily maintains that the earth is flat and not round contents himself with simply making the assertion, and Mr. Mackenzie follows his excellent example. In either case disproof or argument would be altogether superfluous. We have given this extract from his article for the same reason that we have chosen his article for comment—namely, to show what strange things Radicals are willing to say; but it would be a waste of space to answer this balderdash which has been so strangely allowed to appear in the pages of the *Contemporary Review*.

Another part of his article is worth referring to as it shows a singular propensity which is not uncommon with those who consider themselves fitted to reorganize society. As we have said, Radicals seem to view with extreme dislike the treatment of their prophet's doctrines by any but themselves; yet when it suits them they are willing to treat those doctrines in the freest possible spirit. Thus Mr. Mackenzie has to speak in the course of his article of Mill's view with regard to marriage, and he takes the opportunity of explaining Mill's opinions and of saying what his views would be if he were alive now. It need hardly be said that those opinions, as stated by Mill himself, have long ceased to carry any weight. The painful story of his private life has, unfortunately, been made known to all; and it has been seen that his discreditable union with the woman for whom he had so frantic an admiration must in all probability have prejudiced his views respecting the marriage contract. These views, however, are precisely what his discreet and modest disciple

selects to dwell upon; and, not satisfied with Mill's careful and comparatively moderate speech, he proceeds to amplify it, and to explain what his master might, could, should, or would have said. The following is the explanation of Mill's opinions which this different writer offers a good many years after Mr. Mill's death:—

We may conjecture that if Mr. Mill were now living and were to address himself to this subject generally, he would first of all demand that with regard to the one ground on which English law now dissolves the contract, the wife should be placed (as she is in Scotland) upon a footing of entire equality with the husband; secondly, that there should be liberty for the spouses to dissolve the contract by mutual agreement, under proper guarantees; and, thirdly, he would maintain that the one injury which is held in England to dissolve the contract (from the husband's side) is not in itself necessarily the worst or most fatal, and that therefore the list of causes for which one of the spouses may by compulsion get freed should be made wider. But he was, as I have remarked, a very cautious and reticent propagandist, and it is only by close watching and reading particular passages in the light of general propositions which are locally a long way off from them [the italics are Mr. Mackenzie's], that you get at his whole meaning.

A very full meaning certainly when the student thus enlightened is able to "get at" it. But why, it may be asked, preserve the institution at all if it is to be so much shattered? Why not follow the example of the Nihilists, who are consistent, and do away with the marriage contract altogether? Doubtless, the next disciple who expounds Mill for the multitude will discover that, by throwing the light of a sufficient number of propositions on a sufficient number of passages a long way from them, it can be clearly shown that, if he were alive, he would earnestly advocate the complete abolition of marriage.

There are many other passages in Mr. Mackenzie's attack on Professor Müller's discourse and exposition of Mill which are almost as amazing as that just quoted, and might be worth citing as showing the singular constitution of the Radical mind; but probably our readers will be of opinion that enough of Mr. Mackenzie's effusion has been given. There is, however, one more observation to be made about it. Singularly enough, the very appearance of this silly stuff in the pages of such a periodical as the *Contemporary Review* demonstrates the facts which Mr. Mackenzie seems most anxious to dispute—to wit, the progress of tolerance in England, and the effect which the better part of Mill's writings has had on English opinion. There is now such a readiness to listen to both sides that a very feeble writer may obtain a hearing against a very illustrious one if he thinks that there is some ground for complaining that the other's treatment of a question has been misleading. The facts in the present case are not a little remarkable. Professor Müller, a man of the highest attainments and possessing a European reputation, makes some remarks about Mill's Essay on Liberty in a discourse which he publishes. To these Mr. Mackenzie—an utterly obscure man—objects, and, though he has not the smallest literary capacity, and really has nothing to say that is in the least worth attention, he is allowed a place in the magazine that contained Professor Müller's article, on the ground, we suppose, that in anything like a controversy both sides must be heard, however weak the arguments of one of the disputants may be. In this case it certainly seems as if the principle of toleration had been carried too far, and as if the editor, in his anxiety for fairness, had not sufficiently considered what he was inflicting on his readers; but nevertheless, if there has been a fault, it has been a fault on the right side, and the appearance of such an article as Mr. Mackenzie's in the *Contemporary Review* shows how deeply one of the principles for which Mill most earnestly contended is now respected.

THE BISHOPRIC OF LIVERPOOL.

BLUNTLY stated, the fact would seem incredible, that until Queen Victoria had been nine years on the throne there were fewer bishoprics in England than there had been in the reign of Henry VIII. The ill-devised see of Westminster which he set up collapsed when Edward VI. translated its first holder to Norwich. Mary replaced the Benedictines in the Abbey, and although Elizabeth restored the Dean and Canons, she let the bishopric drop without substituting any other in its place. The diocese of Ripon, indeed, was established with a great flourish of trumpets in 1836; but the price which the Church paid for the benefit was the amalgamation of Bristol with Gloucester. At last the late Lord Powis's honest Welsh pertinacity overtrumped the stolid resistance offered by cowardice and routine, and in 1847 the see of Manchester was created, without the suppression of either of those in North Wales which had been destined to serve as victim. Then came thirty years of Commissions, Reports, Societies, and abortive Bills, till Mr. Cross, encouraged by exemplary private munificence, placed the movement on a new footing by launching that project of six new sees, equally divided between the provinces of Canterbury and York, which has now, by the completion of the endowment for Liverpool, been half accomplished, while the work is far advanced at Newcastle and a substantive beginning has been made at Wakefield and Southwell. The Home Secretary has had the courage to appeal for the success of his enterprise to an entirely new application of an established and universally lauded principle. For building and restoring churches, and for endowing their parsons, as well as for founding bishoprics in the Colonies, the State had long recognized the potency of private munificence. But a Lord Bishop of the Establishment, with his succession to the House of Lords, was far too grand a personage to be beholden

to voluntary alms for his means of living. It was all very well for a benevolent dreamer, such as Lord Lyttelton, to suggest so revolutionary an idea; and, as blowing bubbles is a very harmless amusement, he might be left to follow his bent. To Mr. Cross's mind, however, business-like as he is, the difficulty which presented itself was not the acceptance of the idea of voluntary succour for a public good, but the recognition of any principle which should make that acceptance objectionable. He was, indeed, adverse to one leading principle of Lord Lyttelton's Bill—that of the general enabling powers which it proposed to create for a formally unlimited increase of the Episcopate, without the see, the place, or the number of proposed bishoprics being specified in the statute. Whether this was excessive caution or not it is needless now to discuss. For our part, we think that the precaution of bringing in both Queen—that is to say, Ministers—and Ecclesiastical Commission, provided in Lord Lyttelton's Bill, would have been sufficient to prevent abuse. But the Minister accepted the other main feature of the measure, that of reliance upon voluntary benevolence. A fortunate occasion presented itself for bridging over any abrupt transition between the old idea that bishoprics could only be set up by readjusting the actual Church funds sequestered by the Ecclesiastical Commission, and that of launching appeals for additional contributions. This was the timely and generous surrender by the actual Bishop of Winchester of the pompous see-house constructed in George IV.'s days by the bland Bishop Sumner in St. James's Square. The sale of this mansion proved to be a sufficient start for establishing the Bishopric of St. Albans, and that was soon followed by Lady Rolle's exceptionally noble contribution which made the long-desired and long-despaired of Bishopric of Cornwall a reality. There was a private donor ready in 1847 to have founded it, but the wise men of that day insisted on looking their gift horse in the mouth. The delay, however, was not on the whole unfortunate, as by the terms of Dr. Walker's offer the see must have been fixed at St. Columb, a far less advantageous site than Truro. His schemes creating these two bishoprics in the province of Canterbury were the models for Mr. Cross's later Act, which prospectively established a see taken from Lincoln and Lichfield at the old collegiate church of Southwell in the same province, and also Liverpool out of Chester, Newcastle out of Durham, and Wakefield out of Ripon, all of them in that of York. The existence of all these new dioceses was to be contingent upon private liberality, the only contributions of a public character which were accepted being limited stipends assessed upon those of the old sees which were to be respectively relieved, so that none of them should hereafter fall below 4,200*l.* a year, nor Durham, which is to give 1,000*l.* a year to Newcastle, below 7,000*l.* The minimum income of any new see was fixed at 3,500*l.* a year, or 3,000*l.* together with a house, and was not to exceed 4,200*l.* a year. The idea which underlies these provisions is that, as the new bishops would range with their older brethren both in Parliament and elsewhere, so they should also fairly match them in means.

Mr. Cross, in his anxiety that the increase of bishops should wear the appearance of being a development and not a revolution, laid great stress upon its being what he termed a moderate one. Without contesting the principle of this condition, we think that the application need not have been so rigid, and that the measure might well have provided by anticipation for the formation of new sees in Surrey (leaving that suburban region, West Kent, to Rochester), Suffolk, Warwickshire reviving the style of Coventry and including Birmingham, Bristol severed from Gloucester, Derbyshire, and Sheffield or Beverley. The practical prospects of completing the endowment in any of these cases would be about equal to that which exists in those of Southwell or Wakefield, and the difference between an ultimate number of two archbishoprics with thirty-two or thirty-eight suffragan sees is not so very vital.

No one donor overshadowed all his compeers at Liverpool, although there are several gifts of 10,000*l.*, while the energy of one of these large givers, Mr. Torr, the late member for the borough, has been the chief promoter of the work. This new see will be the first example of an urban bishopric, as Truro was of a territorial one, started on the mere claims of the place to the benefit, and with no adventitious assistance from previously existing institutions. The sees of Ripon and Manchester, endowed as they were by the Church funds in the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commission, rested upon the actual collegiate church and its corporation already existing in each place, which by change of name became Cathedral and Chapter, while St. Albans already possessed its abbey. At Liverpool the need of a cathedral and chapter, for work and not show, is already felt and canvassed. The same generosity which has made the see a reality ought to be sufficient to ensure the accessories. When a county in so unprosperous a case as Cornwall is able to set in hand, for so small a place as Truro, a cathedral of the amplitude and the grandeur of the one which Mr. Pearson has designed, it would be a *laches* not to be dreamed of were Liverpool to lag behind. It is true that not every bishop of a new see may have the energy and influence of Bishop Benson. But, with his recent example to show the way, no one ought to be so deficient in the courage of conception and the patience of execution as not at least to be able with such superior advantages to tread in the steps of his Cornish brother. A random idea has been thrown out of utilizing the occasion at Liverpool for galvanizing a long-deceased and forgotten failure, and setting up Wren's happily rejected first notion for St. Paul's. This is of course a crotchety which cannot for a moment be entertained. We are unwilling to import what might be mistaken for

party questions into the consideration of the subject. Nevertheless, at a time when the temptation of an electioneering triumph has proved to be motive enough for those whose whole career ought to have been a guarantee for nobler conceptions of statesmanship to bring the notion of disestablishment into dangerous familiarity with the minds least likely to make a good use of it, we may point out how strong a constructive argument may be found against the assumed popularity of the change in the unstinted affluence of voluntary donors, which had made both the extension of the episcopate and the revival of cathedrals in their buildings and their institutions not possible only, but popular, and brought them into course of execution.

The *Times* has been amusing in its solemn blundering over some incidents of the new sees which are being created. It has grasped the fact that bishops' seats have the honorary distinction of being entitled cities; and so it conjectures that, as soon as the Order in Council appears, Liverpool may, if it thinks fit, assume for itself that title. The idea that a grant from the sovereign is needful, and that such grant was actually made to St. Albans and Truro, never seems to have crossed our contemporary's mind. At this point, however, the *Times* gets vexed and troubled why Westminster should be a city, forgetful that Henry VIII. made it for a short time a bishopric, and that he gave it the consequent rank. Furthermore, our contemporary is sorely tried because certain existing towns and villages were Saxon bishoprics, and yet are no cities now. These mysterious places follow a simple law—namely, that the fact of the town having been a pre-conquestal see no more makes the place a city than it makes the parson a dean. Cities are the seats of post-conquestal bishoprics, excluding those Saxon sees which endured for only a few years after the Conquest; and in compliance with this rule, the only places so entitled which cannot show their separate bishops are Westminster, Coventry, Bath, and now Bristol.

PARLIAMENT AT THE ANTIPODES.

SINCE the announcement by telegraph of the discomfiture of the Berry Ministry in Victoria, there has been time for letters to arrive describing, not indeed the conflict itself, but the state of things which immediately preceded it. The *Times* Correspondent, who has at intervals given very interesting descriptions of the political state of men and things in that part of the world, has recently devoted himself to the Victorian Assembly, and has drawn a very striking picture of what may be called the probable possibilities of democracy. The writer cannot be said to be prejudiced against Victoria or things Victorian. In another very recent letter he gives a description of Melbourne, its climate, its people, its institutions, which is little short of enthusiastic, and certainly goes beyond the accepted ideas on the subject. All travellers unite in praising the situation of the city near the magnificent harbour of Port Philip, and in admiring its public buildings and institutions. Democratic communities indeed are not wont to be behindhand in the latter respect, for the simple reason that such things contribute more to the enjoyment of the majority than to that of the minority, while they are erected more at the cost of the minority than at that of the majority. But the climate of Melbourne has by no means united all suffrages, and the fact acknowledged by the Correspondent that its death-rate is greater than that of most large English towns seems to show that there is some ground for doubt. We have heard Victorians themselves give unpleasant accounts of the tendency of their country's flies to dispute possession with human beings in such matters as food and drink. Nor do sharks in the bright blue sea and thermometers at 110° in the shade strike the home-keeping Briton as unqualified attractions. There is a delicate point which the writer touches upon, and wherein his testimony is again somewhat more favourable than that of local witnesses. It is of course perfectly unreasonable that a casual Englishman, because he chooses to visit Melbourne, should expect to be fêted and caressed. Indeed we remember reading an Australian novel in which the tax laid upon Victorian hospitality by such visitors was most bitterly complained of. This may have been an isolated case, but it deserves to be taken account of in estimating the *Times* Correspondent's commendations of the "overflowing kindness and courtesy" of the Melbournians towards Englishmen. It is evident that at least he is not a prejudiced critic, or, if he be prejudiced at all, that he is prejudiced in favour of his subject.

The description, however, which this investigator gives of the proceedings and character of the last Victorian Assembly cannot be said to be attractive. The material arrangements of that Assembly are indeed all that the stoutest formalist could wish. There are a Speaker and a wig and a mace, and benches right and left, and cross-benches and a gangway, and many other indispensable accompaniments of legislative Assemblies on the English model. Democratic as they are, the Victorians have not yet fallen into one of the commonest and most unwise faults of democracy, the rejection of pomp and ceremony. Even Doctor Bidache, the Republican enthusiast in M. Sardou's play, came to the conclusion that in some respects it was a mistake to reject these vanities, and that, for instance, a civil marriage was terribly wanting in impressiveness. If the Victorian Assembly is not impressive, it is at any rate not for want of wigs. Another interesting

fact is that the Victorians appear to have inherited or acquired the curious English love of precedent, which is as mortal to the bricks of a constitution, and which, somehow or other, Continental bricklayers have never been able to secure. But, barring the precedents and the wigs, our leniently disposed critic does not find much to satisfy him in the Victorian House of Commons. He confesses to a regret that "the Queen's Government should not be carried on by statesmen who have at least mastered the Queen's English." We are afraid that the Correspondent is in the full Jacobin sense an "aristocrat," and, though there have been members of the British House of Commons who have had at least as much difficulty with the letter *h* as poor Mr. Berry, it may be admitted that the ears of Englishmen of a certain position are generally tainted with this aristocratic repugnance to the omission. Our author, however, endeavours to justify himself, protesting that he does not consider the *h* an absolute shibboleth, and that he is even willing to overlook rough manners, neglected dress, and an undue indifference to soap. But he cannot away with the metaphorical uncleanness of tongue and hands which accompanies this literal uncleanness. His examples indeed, as in the case of the *h*, might be retorted with some success upon Englishmen by Victorians, though as yet the precincts of the House of Commons itself do not furnish examples quite so heinous. When we hear that a Victorian Cabinet Minister called an opponent a cabbage-seller, it is difficult not to remember that a highly accomplished, and indeed altogether "superior," member of the British Legislature not long ago thought it comic and cogent to talk about "bookstalls" in connexion with the First Lord of the Admiralty. As for "liar," which seems to be a favourite word in Victoria, it has seldom been far from Mr. Bright's lips or pen during the last few months. Still, as we have said, these amenities are not openly exchanged in the House itself, though there is no knowing what we may come to soon. Another and exceedingly ugly weapon of Victorian controversy is the accusation of "stealing." The Correspondent says that accusations of this kind were habitually brought against the members of the late Cabinet, or most of them; that both parties take for granted that the chiefs of the other side, if not of their own, will help themselves and their friends out of the public purse. Here at least we may without Pharisaism congratulate ourselves that we are not as the Victorians are—as yet. The charges of jobbery which at rare intervals are brought against public men with us, and which are rarely well founded, differ *toto caelo* from such charges of direct dishonesty. Nor have we yet arrived at the state of the Victorian Assembly in that famous scene not long ago when an irate member endeavoured to seize the mace or some other weapon, and to clear the House with it in the style of Larry McHale. As for another story told, it is disgraceful but comic, and approaches more nearly to what might have been possible in Ireland, if not in Great Britain, scarcely a hundred years ago. A Ministerialist was suspected of meditating treachery, whereupon the Government Whips made him very drunk, and brought him to vote in that condition. That a free fight should ensue, or something very like it, was evidently unavoidable. The House and the public generally seem to have been a good deal shocked by these performances, which is creditable to them. It is added, too, that this Assembly was an exceptional Assembly; though it is not clear what there is to prevent a succession of such exceptional Assemblies from being elected. The same Correspondent, in a previous letter, alluded to the Victorian habit of "blowing"—an interesting but elliptical phrase, to which, for the understanding of the people at home, it is necessary to add "their own trumpet." We do not know whether they blow much about their Assembly, which, to the British mind, might seem better treated by a judicious silence. It is said that the scandals of the last House—now, it is to be hoped, replaced by a better—have produced the usual and fatal effect which every democratic community from Athens to America has experienced. The best men in Melbourne—the best not merely by birth and wealth, but by intelligence, culture, and morality—have been so disgusted with the state of things that they will have nothing to do with it. They cannot deal the foul blows that the contest requires, and they do not care to expose themselves to them in a practically defenceless condition. The new Government may have for the time brought about a better state of things; but what Mr. Berry and his party succeeded in doing once they may succeed in doing again.

It may be a little dangerous, but is not uninteresting, to inquire whether the ugly consequences which the *Times* Correspondent deploras are after all quite unconnected with the more trivial drawbacks in respect of manners which he describes. It is no doubt almost sacrilegious in the present day to hint anything of the kind. But, considering that manners are after all only a moral code embodied in certain half-conventional outward signs, there may be something to be said for the more old-fashioned view. A man who will not wash his hands because he has work which renders such a process useless is not blameworthy; but he who legislates can certainly spare the time for ablution, and, as the colony probably provides him with soap, cannot plead poverty. If he neglects these opportunities, it is probably not unjust to argue from his predilection for dirt of the physical kind to a predilection for the dirt of the moral kind. It is possible, though difficult, for a person who has from his youth up ignored the *h* to acquire the habit of using that letter, and he who does not shows an indifference to the good opinion of others which may—we do not say that it often does—extend a little further than orthodoxy. Lastly, it must be remembered that the coarse personalities and

foul aspersions on character which pain the Correspondent are, as a matter of fact, usually found in connexion with the absence of *h*'s and the presence of dirt. They are found elsewhere, no doubt, more's the pity, and they are fortunately by no means invariable accompaniments of personal and linguistic slovenliness. But, considering the well-known verdict of such a person as the late Mr. Mill on the moral characteristics of different orders of society, it would appear that there is still something to be said for the aristocratic conception of the governing man as against the democratic. We may add that the case of Victoria seems to show the same thing pretty strongly *à posteriori*. The "disgusting vices" which a great writer charges against democracy are corruption, civil dissension, and ingratitude towards leaders. This last article has been a good deal affected by changes of manners, which have sent the axe out of fashion. But, if we may trust the *Times* Correspondent, the first two will have lately been as rampant in Victoria as they could well be short of actual civil war. A Government the majority of whose members were habitually charged with personal dishonesty; an Assembly which frequently, if not habitually, indulged in the language and manners of the frequenters of some low drinking-shop; and classes out of doors so embittered against one another that open violence was feared—these were the results of a model democracy. If any one chooses to set to the same credit the recent change, he can do so, though, considering the force of reaction in all cases, the proceeding does not seem very reasonable. At any rate, the late political experiences of Victoria supply political students with instructive and interesting, but we fear we can hardly say cheerful or encouraging, matter for reflection.

THE EASTERN PYRENEES.

MR. SENIOR tells us in the last volume of his entertaining work that, in conversation with a distinguished Frenchman, the latter gravely mooted the advisableness of incorporating with France the Spanish province of Catalonia. It would appear that this was only one of several choice landed properties marked out in the minds of many of the Second Empire men for annexation at a suitable opportunity. On the score of geographical propriety, there was a good deal to be said in favour of annexing Savoy and Nice. Something might be advanced on like grounds for taking part of the Rhine frontier. No two States, however, are more clearly separated by nature than France and Spain. It is indeed quite inconceivable at this time of day that any man aspiring to be considered a statesman, or even a man of ordinary common sense, should seriously propose that the one nation should go over these mountains to possess itself of a province belonging to the other. Such notions were all very natural and suitable in the age of Louis XIV., but many things have happened since then. Both nations, indeed, have reason to congratulate themselves that the Pyrenees exist as a potent geographical expression and a well-defined boundary mark. Each holds now exactly that ground which in strictest geographical propriety should belong to it; one is on this side of a lofty mountain barrier, the other on that side. In no province of Spain lying under this barrier is there any French element which would welcome annexation by France; and the "Peace of the Pyrenees," in 1659, has never been disturbed by any conspiracies on the part of Roussillonais or Cerdagnais desiring to be reincorporated with Spain. When the invasion of Napoleon had been repelled by the united efforts of England, Spain, and Portugal, the ridge of the Pyrenees became once more the limits as defined by that treaty. Moreover, apart from their being so clearly separated territorially, the two peoples are by no means calculated to pull well together; one is too powerful, the other too proud. It is true that the recollection of a certain ethnical affinity, identity of creed, and a similar proneness to be carried away by ardent if fitful enthusiasm in generous causes, will occasionally evoke reciprocal compliments. The recent highly creditable exertions of the Paris press in favour of the sufferers through the inundations in Murcia called forth unbounded fraternal recognition of French generosity and nobility of soul from all ranks and classes throughout Spain; but, when the sentimental fireworks have been let off on either side of the Pyrenees, the situation remains the same. The Spaniards' general estimate of their neighbours' character and of the danger of having too intimate relations with them is capitally rendered in the Spanish proverb, which we give in its French dress, since the French rather like repeating it than otherwise, probably reading therein some reconditte compliment to themselves:—"Ne demande pas du feu à un Français, même pour allumer ta pipe—il te portera l'incendie!"

The department of the Eastern Pyrenees went formerly by the name of Roussillon, and it has known many masters. During a long period it was under rulers of its own, called Counts of Roussillon. The last of these bequeathed it in 1178 to the King of Aragon. Three centuries later it was ceded to Louis XI. of France. Again it was recovered by a King of Aragon, but a hundred and fifty years later was finally annexed to France, retaining until the Revolution its appellation of province of Roussillon. With the many objects of interest which this department has to offer to the antiquary, artist, mineralogist, invalid, and epicure, we should have wondered that our countrymen so rarely turn off the high road to Spain to enter it, if we had not often noticed

that they take less trouble to find out the beauties of France than those of countries further away. How many, we should like to know, of the hundreds of English residents at Dinan, Dinard, and on the outskirts of Brittany, have ever explored that astonishing collection of Celtic remains strewn broadcast over the moors hard by? where also grows the very broom which gave our Plantagenets their name and armorial bearings. There are numbers of Englishmen who speak as though they knew the country thoroughly, and whose experience has been confined to visiting a large city at either end of a long line of rail, and on the journey between to catching a peep, in the intervals of sleeping, eating, and novel-reading, at a flying landscape of vines and poplars. It would surprise such as have adjudged France to be a flat, uninteresting country, after a run from Calais to Paris, to learn what variety and beauty of scenery may be found in places off the beaten tracks. But very few, comparatively speaking, of the scores of thousands who each year rush through France do turn off the great highways. Those who do so in search of natural beauties visit the Vale of the Gersivaudan, the gorge of the Grande Chartreuse, or the romantic scenery of the Vosges or Ardennes, or explore Auvergne or the Rhône with its superb prospects; and their verdict is very different from that of the commonplace tourist. One of the departments least known in its interior by English people is, as we have remarked, that of the Eastern Pyrenees. The western and central portions of the great mountain chain are the annual resort of multitudes of travellers. Some come to drink or dip in various healing waters, others to climb lofty peaks affording superb views, to angle for trout in purling streams of exquisite purity, or to get meagre but novel sport with the gun in return for much hard walking. Nearly everywhere there are good hotels to put up at, and almost always throughout the summer and autumn a sunshine may be enjoyed which is too often denied to the tourist of the Alps. But the eastern end is a *terra incognita*. Till recently the line of rail now connecting the south of France, through Narbonne and Perpignan, with Barcelona and the Spanish northern and eastern system, only ran to the frontier, and a most tiresome journey had to be performed by diligence on the other side. Now that this is changed, the Eastern Pyrenees will probably not have long to wait before they experience and profit by the necessary British invasion. Already the recognized advanced guards under Mesra. Cook have passed through. But this is just what tourists have generally done hitherto; they have passed by on the coast road, without penetrating into the interior. And the coast route gives no fair idea of what is to be seen inland. It cannot compete for a moment in beauty of scenery or colouring with the lovely Corniche road. Salt lagoons stretch away on either side, only relieved at intervals by tracts of brown barren-looking soil, where, however, the vine flourishes. Arrived at Perpignan, the capital of the department, the traveller is struck by the poverty of the hotels for so considerable a town, and by the unsavoury odours, engendered by a visible neglect of all sanitary laws, which pervade the narrow streets. Here we begin to take leave of France proper. Not only do we hear an unfamiliar tongue spoken all round, but such French as is spoken is badly pronounced; the dress of the lower orders has Spanish peculiarities; and the shops display many articles of Spanish production. The market-place is well worth a visit in the early morning, when the newcomer will be struck by the quaint costumes of peasants from the country, and by the immense variety and abundance of produce for sale. If it is autumn there will be a magnificent show of vegetables and fruit. The most exquisite grapes may be bought for a song, as also the luscious white figs called *Colt de Signora*, which no other fig of any kind or clime can match. After Perpignan, as we approach the frontier and come more under mountain shelter, the country rapidly improves, and we enter a zone of vine and olive, of palm, orange, and cactus. It is this district which produces the rich powerful wines of Banyuls, Grenache, Muscat, and, above all, of the superb white Maccabeo; the less costly of which are much used to *corser* or fortify the weaker wines further north. Their generic name is *vins de Roussillon*, and probably some of the vintage really does find its way into the Mas-deu, sold as Masdeu in England; but somehow it seems oftener than not to lose flavour on the road. Perhaps the best wine of the country comes from the slopes about Collioure, where the vines flourish wonderfully on what is bare rock scattered over with sand; and, as rain seldom falls here, the dressers have to depend on artificial irrigation.

The coast line takes us by many spots interesting to lovers of antiquities. Narbonne, the "pulcherrima Narbo" of Martial, was, till recently, when much ancient masonry was abstracted for the making of fortifications and other purposes, a town full of Roman monuments, buildings, and Arab remains. Many important architectural fragments, Phœnician, Roman, and Visigothic, are preserved in the museum. Shortly after Narbonne we come upon Salces with its saline waters mentioned by Strabo. It was at Elne (called Illiberis by the Romans and afterwards Elena by Constantine) that Hannibal pitched his first camp in Gaul. The church and cloisters with their bas-reliefs and very ancient inscriptions are well worth inspection. After passing the small, picturesque port of Collioure—the ancient Cauco-Illiberis—we come to Port Vendres (*Portus Veneris*). As this is the only considerable harbour between Marseilles and the frontier, efforts are now being made by the Government to increase its commercial importance; and it will doubtless become the central place of export for a large district. A few miles beyond, the easternmost ridge of the

Pyrenees juts out into the Mediterranean at Cap Creus, the ancient Aphrodisium, and we are on Spanish ground.

Besides the road leading into Spain another line of rail runs now from Perpignan into the heart of the department—the line from Perpignan to Prades. It traverses the wide plain of Roussillon, ascending the right bank of the torrential Tet, till it reaches well up into the mountains. It would astonish some of our hardly pushed farmers at home to see with what little cost and trouble man earns a livelihood and competency in these parts. Most Southern peoples are inclined to allow nature to do her full share of the work to be done; and nature works hard about here, filling the valleys with corn and maize, and hemp and fruits, and making a vast, rich vineyard of the terraced hill-sides. The terminus of the rail is Prades, which lies just under the gigantic mass of the Canigou, the loftiest mountain in the Eastern division. We would strongly recommend a short sojourn at Prades, especially during the autumn months, when the climate, resembling that of Lombardy at that season, is absolutely perfect. There is an hotel greatly to be commended for its cleanliness and comfort, and enjoying a well-deserved reputation for its irreproachable *cuisine*. We notice that the guide-books are just awake to the fact of the existence of a bathing establishment at Molitg, some five miles distant. The waters are sulphurous, and most efficacious in skin diseases; and in summer and autumn the baths, picturesquely situated, are thronged by French and Spaniards. Some ten miles from Prades are also the baths of Olette. There is here a curious relic of Latin times in the name given to an ancient zigzag mule path—*gradus d'Olette*, or sometimes in modern patois, *graus*. Three miles to the north of Prades is Vernet with another water-cure establishment. From here the ascent of the Canigou may be made without too much difficulty. A magnificent view is obtained from the summit, embracing the plain of Roussillon, the mountains of Catalonia, and a wide reach of the Mediterranean. Excursions should be made to the ruins of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Michael de Cuxa, as also to those of St. Martin du Canigou. The country around is studded with watch-towers, the shells of mediæval castles, and with considerable villages on the hill-sides. Chief in interest among these is Ria, on the road to Mont Louis, which, by the by, is the most elevated garrison town in Europe.

Returning to Perpignan—the starting-point for the interior—the tourist should next follow the road to Amélie-les-Bains, to which it is proposed shortly to lay a line of rail. The route as far as Le Boulou is that of the old post road from Perpignan to Barcelona. Here are several copious mineral springs, with a bathing establishment crowded in summer and autumn. The waters are little known out of the department, but are there very generally drunk, being highly efficacious in complaints of the digestive organs. Just beyond Le Boulou, on the road to Spain, occurs the Col de Perthus—the pass traversed by the army of Hannibal on its march into Gaul, and which later was trodden successively by the conquering legions of Pompey and Caesar. At Amélie, some ten miles beyond Le Boulou, are sulphur springs which must have been of repute in the time of the Romans, to judge by the remains of baths; and they are much esteemed now in cases of consumption and rheumatism. The French Government has erected here an immense military hospital especially intended for officers, of whom after the Crimean war as many as five hundred were under treatment at the same time. We have always wondered that these sheltered and delightful winter quarters have not been more appreciated by our countrymen. Perhaps one great reason is that there is neither English chaplain nor doctor within a hundred miles or more of the place. One necessary of life is, however, forthcoming—the daily post with the daily *Times*. And there is a telegraph office. Apartments and villas are to be found at very moderate rents. Beautiful walks amid olive and orange, citron, palm, and vine, may be found, and excursions taken to various points of interest in the midst of grand scenery. A few miles beyond Amélie are the baths of La Preste, the waters of which are considered to be of extraordinary potency in calculous complaints.

It has now been resolved to make a railroad into this district, which will not only render the numerous thermal establishments more accessible, but will be the means of opening out its vast mineral resources. For the Eastern Pyrenees have attractions not only for the artist, the *bon vivant*, and the invalid, but for the speculator. We were amused lately on consulting a popular Encyclopædia to learn that iron is to be found in the Pyrenees, but that the mines are of limited extent and the supply of small account. The fact is, the mines, little worked hitherto, cover an immense area—at least in this division of the mountains—and their produce is only limited by the demand. The whole group of mountains lying in a semicircle about the Canigou, which itself is charged with ore, is more or less one continuous mine, producing, where worked, iron of the very best quality. But the mountain paths are so difficult, the distances of the mines from main roads so considerable, and from any railroad so much greater still, that it is easy to understand why comparatively little attention has hitherto been bestowed upon the sleeping treasure. At length, however, the people of these parts are waking up to realize the value of what lies under their feet. As an instance of this we may mention that some years ago a gentleman owning property not far from Olette sold a hill, inside and out, for 150 francs. It seemed of no use or value to him, being a wild, barren bit of ground scattered over with boulders of indifferent marble; and what would

be gained by digging the iron, for which no purchaser could be found in this out-of-the-way corner? At the present time you might offer, and probably in vain, two million francs for that hill. It is in the upper part of the valley of the Tet, and at Prades the railway is now brought within ten miles, and will be brought nearer still. The adjoining iron mine of Escaro is worked by an Englishman, Mr. Sharpe, son of the late eminent architect, who owns also a quarry of marble in the vicinity. There is plenty of room for many more Englishmen whose taste may lie in this direction. Again, when the rail is laid to Amélie, the mines on that side of the Canigou (this mountain separates the valleys of the Tet and the Tech) will increase immensely in value, while others which have only been scratched will be opened up. The most convenient headquarters for persons wishing to explore the mine country about the sources of the Tet would be Prades or Olette; and for those who would visit that of the Tech, either La Preste or Prats de Mollo. For visitors unencumbered with heavy baggage a most charming mountain route over a wing of the Canigou may be taken from Olette to Prats de Mollo, whereby the long roundabout journey by Prades, Perpignan, and Amélie is avoided. Whether or not it is likely that the mines of this region will ever be worked profitably on a more extensive scale is a matter on which we offer no opinion. Undoubtedly, however, the resources we have spoken of are in existence, and the proposed improvement of communications will bring them within easier reach of the main routes of commerce.

ELECTION AMENITIES.

THE lovers of things as they once were have been wont of late years to lament over the comparatively prosaic character which the abolition of the hustings and the institution of the Ballot have given to elections. There is no doubt that a certain decrease in boisterousness is observable, not merely since the days immortalized by Hogarth, but since days which all but the very youngest can perfectly well remember. Only a dozen years ago the general election of 1868 had its full share of disorder; but that of 1874 was, it must be admitted, comparatively quiet. The present struggle has not resulted in any great number of broken heads, yet it has not been all plain sailing either for the rank and file or for the distinguished persons who occupy the position of candidates. Indeed the latter have been on the whole rather unlucky, and in not a few instances must have had any blue mould which may have clung about them effectually dissipated by the application of the old original Irish detergent. The excitable persons who nearly squeezed the breath out of Mr. Cowen's body at Newcastle a fortnight ago did it in pure kindness, and the election frolics which drove Mr. Collins from a meeting at Derby and abruptly terminated the addresses of not a few Metropolitan candidates from time to time, appear to have been for the most part impartial and "promiscuous" in their character. We must go to Scotland and Ireland for instances where the limbs, if not the life, of Parliamentary aspirants have been really in danger, though Cardiff has maintained the pugnacious character of the Principality, and a little incident at Chester last Monday redeems England from the reproach of contributing nothing in the way of a stramash to the history of the election of 1880.

The earliest, and perhaps the most comic, of these incidents was a singular disaster which befell Mr. Pender, the late member, and probably, as he is unopposed, the future or present member, for the Wick Burghs. Like most Scotch borough members, Mr. Pender had to woo the suffrages of a considerable number of small constituencies, two of which, Kirkwall and Stromness, are, it is hardly necessary to say, in the mainland of Orkney. After Mr. Pender had canvassed Kirkwall, he set off for Stromness, and then a quaint scene occurred. We have said that there is no opposition to Mr. Pender. Whether this was taken by the Kirkwallers as an insult, or whether they dislike Mr. Pender personally, or whether a desire came upon them for one of the rather sanguinary frolics in which their Norse ancestors used to indulge, we cannot pretend to say. There is a famous story of that part of the world (whether Orkney or Caithness we forget) which tells how a political debate was cut short by the pithy remark of an orator, "Short rede, good rede, slay we the Bishop." Somebody appears to have said to the Kirkwallers, "Short rede, good rede, drown we the candidate." They set about this diabolical intention with a cunning equally diabolical. It is a customary compliment to take the horses out of a member's carriage, and draw it. This the cunning Kirkwallers pretended to do, and, though there were suspicions, the candidate seems to have thought that he was going to have what reporters call an ovation. The human horses, however, proceeded to run the carriage down into the sea, which would probably have placed Mr. Pender in a condition to appreciate the feelings of the victims of the Tay Bridge disaster. Fortunately for him the carriage stuck, and the attempt failed. Thereupon the crowd smashed the windows, also Mr. Pender's hat, and the unfortunate ex-member had to address mollifying words out of the window, like Mr. Gladstone, but in less happy circumstances. This gave the better disposed among the crowd—the *virii pietate graves*—time to work upon its feelings, and no further attempt was made to set a late member of Parliament afloat on the ocean wave in this novel fashion.

The sufferings of Mr. Pender were, however, a mere joke to the sufferings of Mr. Parnell at Enniscorthy on Sunday. Of these

latter it seems hardly lawful to speak in plain prose. The best blank verse would scarcely be too good for this remarkable example of the wrath of Nemesis, which has, as we learn from a resolution of the Nationalists of Loughrea, caused "a wave of profound sorrow to sweep over the country at the lamentable degeneracy shown by the inhabitants of once gallant and glorious Wexford." There will always be differences of opinion, and, for our part, we should have thought that the inhabitants of gallant and glorious Wexford had shown themselves to be brothers of boys entirely. It is well known that Mr. Parnell is carrying out on a large scale a kind of parable of the sower, taking candidates and scattering them broadcast about the land. Enniscorthy, we fear, is but a stony soil. For some reason best known to Mr. Parnell, the Chevalier O'Clery, who represented the county with that full approval of the priests which a Papal Zouave who has fired his shot—we believe Mr. O'Clery did fire his shot—for the temporal power is bound to receive, appears unsatisfactory to the obstructionist chief. So Mr. Parnell took two candidates and went down with them to Enniscorthy. Ominous signs, we are told, showed themselves on the way. Ravens croaked on the wrong side; that is to say, when they came to the town of Ferns their reception was much less cordial than that accorded to the Rev. Joseph Murphy. The world may know nothing of the Reverend Joseph, but the tale will show that he is not one of its least men. His first stroke showed the master hand. While Mr. Parnell and his candidates were idly marshalling green flags, Mr. O'Clery and six priests, among whom the Rev. Joseph Murphy and a certain Father O'Gorman were prominent, seized and garrisoned the platform, from which a sacrilegious Parnellite in vain endeavoured to dislodge them. The Reverend Joseph then comprehensively announced that "he stood there to resist the dictatorship of every man," a sentiment than which it is difficult to imagine anything more noble or less clear. The enemy advanced, and Mr. Parnell, reckless of Nemesis, attempted to mount the platform. Only Homer, the unknown author of the romance of *Fierabras*, or Thackeray, could fitly describe what followed. To put it unambitiously, there was a free fight, and Mr. Parnell got very much the worst of it. The crowd, if they did not smite him on the nose, as Smith O'Brien was smitten, caught him by the legs, smashed his hat, tore his nether garments, and so forth. In short, had it not been for the magnanimous interference of the Reverend Joseph, as merciful as he was strong, Mr. Parnell would apparently by this time have been resolved into his constituent elements, and Ireland would have mourned her hero. When something like an audience had been obtained, the insults of the crowd were even more cruel than their injuries. They entreated Mr. Parnell to take off the hat which they had smashed; they bade him mend the garments they had torn. Finally, he was mildly informed that he had had "a warning," and was let go, though a second attack seems to have been made on him before he got to the train. History records few more awful examples of the mutability of human affairs than this. A few short hours before, and Mr. Parnell was the idol of mobs; "it was roses, roses all the way"; and now the many-headed substituted for roses blows of the alpen, which were only averted from the sacred crown of Charles Stuart Parnell by the good offices of the Rev. Joseph Murphy, his conqueror and benefactor.

After this splendid demonstration of that ineradicable inclination to quarrel among themselves which is one of the most attractive and convenient characteristics of Irish patriots, it seems tame to hear that at Dundee an unsuccessful attempt was made and frustrated by the police to put a certain Mr. Blair—or was it Mr. Barry?—into the docks. In Ireland they manage these things better, and their attempts are not unsuccessful, while the police simply survey the scene. The Chester affair was a little better thought out. A certain mysterious Mr. Malgarini—who somehow confusedly suggests Mr. Turnerelli, *quia desunt ambo in i*—seems to have thought that the battle between Messrs. Raikes and Dodson and their records might as well be complicated by his own candidature, and suddenly appeared on the scene. In his case the hackneyed phrase has full propriety and local colour, for Mr. Malgarini—not inappropriately, perhaps—affects theatres as places of oratory. When the curtain of the theatre rose Mr. Malgarini was visible in evening dress and white gloves. The free and independent electors opened the discussion with a salvo of rotten eggs, and then went for Mr. Malgarini, who retired in disorder to his hotel. This vote of want of confidence seems to have been taken as decisive, for among the candidates nominated for Chester on Tuesday we do not observe Mr. Malgarini's highly euphonious name.

Such are the chief breaches of the peace which have occurred up to the time of our writing. They will no doubt—in Ireland especially—be supplemented by a good many more before the elections are over. In the abstract, of course, all these things are highly discreditable; and when they are got up and organized against special candidates or special parties by their opponents, no words can be too strong for them, except in Ireland. We do not know, however, that there is much need to affect sorrow or indignation at the conduct which resulted in Mr. Parnell's discomfiture. For the better part of a year he has been covertly urging his hearers to do to others pretty much what has now been done to him, and it would be mere hypocrisy to pretend to be sorry that he has been hoist with his own petard. The case is a case of diamond cut diamond, and of the two precious stones, we incline to prefer the Reverend Joseph. The cases of Mr. Pender and of the unfortunate Dundee candidate, who seems, like Mr. Malgarini, to have accepted the verdict of the people and refused to be

nominated, are somewhat different. The North Sea was clearly not intended by nature, nor the Dundee docks by the Harbour Board of that respectable town, as receptacles for stray candidates. The test of swimming or sinking under such conditions is now recognized by the best authorities as indecisive and improper even in the case of witches; and we do not see that there is any greater appropriateness in it when applied to Parliamentary aspirants. The exuberant fancy of the electors of New Ross, who playfully stretch ropes across their streets in order to trip up candidates' horses, is another instance of an overstepping of the limits of becoming mirth. However, the doctrine that all is fair in love, war, and elections seems not to have even yet lost its hold on the minds of a considerable portion of the British nation. As the candidates generally pay for all the damage that is done, the high principle of men who would not like to cause their neighbour loss is satisfied, while the bodily inconvenience which is sometimes caused to that neighbour is overlooked as trifling. There is probably also a feeling in the breast of the illiterate elector that the candidates themselves are fair game. It is for their party to protect them if it can. All which is no doubt very wrong, and deserves the sternest reprobation. When we think of Mr. Pender sadly voyaging across to Norway in his possibly unseaworthy carriage, or of Mr. Blair fathoming the Dundee docks, or of Mr. Margarini with his fair white gloves dyed with the kindred hues of orange and of egg, it is impossible not to feel indignant and pitiful. But then the scene at Enniscorthy rises before the mind's eye, and viewed through the medium of Mr. Parnell's discomfiture, rioting somehow looks like a civil game. The late member for Meath has a good many sins to answer for; perhaps not the least is that he has taught peaceful and law-abiding Britons to look with tolerance on breaches of the peace and the law. It is impossible to regard the hat, or the coat, or the other garments of Mr. Parnell as we feel they ought to be regarded; human nature is too weak for that. It was, as in a parallel case recorded by Mr. Browning, "sad and bad and mad" of the Enniscorthyites to rabble Mr. Parnell; but, somehow or other, the knowledge that he was rabbled is not wholly disagreeable. This is wrong, but it is human nature.

THE DRAGOMAN IN CAIRO.

THERE have been many searchings of heart lately in the chief city of Egypt on the great donkey-boy question. Everybody who knows anything about the Turks knows that, sluggish as they are to make laws or institute reforms, when they rouse themselves they are very likely to overdo the task, whatever it is. They are very likely to err on the side of severity in punishment for small offences. Thus, in Cairo a fine of twenty francs is the prescribed penalty for the cabman's crime of "crawling." It need hardly be observed that such a regulation cannot be enforced, and a recent attempt to put it into practice caused a strike among the hackney coachmen, which lasted, to the great inconvenience of the public, for several days. A small fine—say, sixpence—would discourage the practice sufficiently. The same tendency to overdo legislation is exemplified in the regulations under which dragomans and donkey-boys pursue their several vocations. People who have visited Cairo can never forget the donkey-boy. He is one of the central features of the place. To travellers he is the incarnation of everything Oriental, strange, convenient, civil, and wonderful in Egypt. His activity, his ready tact, his good temper, his avidity for backsheesh, but, above all, his knowledge of English, are astonishing. You are addressed unexpectedly in remote streets in a very good imitation of your native tongue, "How you do, Englishman; want donkey?" When you have hired him, the boy does everything for you. He makes your bargains at the bazaar. He prescribes the proper tobacco for your cigarettes. He points out the local celebrities. He tells you the latest news, the last scandal about the Khedive, the name of his donkey, the date of an approaching festival; and, in fact, everything you want to know. Many Englishmen, accustomed to winter in Egypt year after year, retain a donkey-boy for the season, and in cases of severe illness we have known one of these extraordinary factotums turn into a tender, attentive, and vigilant nurse. It would surprise many people who know the virtues of the donkey-boy to be told that almost all the accomplishments which make him valuable to the traveller are exercised in defiance of the law. If you return to Cairo a second time, it is very probable that you will find your favourite donkey-boy in prison when you arrive. The law, made in the interest of the dragomans, is that a donkey-boy may not speak English, may not interpret, and may not pay money for his employer. Such a law, like the law about hackney carriages, cannot be enforced with any regularity, but it is often made the instrument of oppression, either through envy or spite, and, in days now happily gone by, through tyranny. A boy thrown into prison for an indefinite period—for there is no Habeas Corpus Act in Egypt—used to be tempted to enlist. Many a recruit was thus obtained and sent to perish in Abyssinia. The dragomans, who think that they only should be allowed to interpret, have not however been able to prevent the donkey-boys from learning English; and of late years, on many occasions, travellers have found it possible to go up the Nile, or on other journeys, with the help of a donkey-boy only and no dragoman. The donkey-boy sometimes develops into a dragoman, but this can only be if he has learned to write and cipher; and some of the

most accomplished "boys" remain "boys" to the end of their lives.

As a matter of fact, the average donkey-boy speaks better English than the average dragoman. A dragoman who can write English is indeed a rarity, and, so far as we are aware, but one single dragoman has followed the fashion of English travellers and rushed into print. He is not an Egyptian, but a Syrian, of the name of Morroni, and has written a *Special Guide-Book* for Cairo and its environs, which is in many respects one of the most curious works it has ever been our fortune to meet. Mr. Morroni introduces his book with a modest preface:—"Many years spent in Egypt, in the capacity of Contractor and Travelling companion, have made me acquire such an experience, both of the country and of the requirements of travellers, that I consider a special guide-book for Cairo as a most useful, and, I may say, an almost indispensable publication, for English and American Visitors." The volume opens with a brief historical sketch, from which we learn some interesting and hitherto but little known facts. Menes was, it seems, the same as Misrahim, the son of Ham. From the expulsion of the Shepherd-kings until the arrival of Joseph the son of Jacob "there is a chasm in Egyptian history." In 525 B.C. "Cambyses, Emperor of Persia, added Egypt to his other provinces, and continued attached to Persia for 195 years." Cambyses' attachment to Persia was apparently a love which even death could not extinguish. A geographical sketch follows the historical, and then the guide-book proper begins with this axiom:—"To visit Cairo, its monuments and environs, it requires seven days, which ought to be employed as follows, viz." Then come the usual programmes, among which we are recommended to see "Boulaq's Museum and town," and told that on the "5 Day, it is necessary the Whole day to visit the Petrified Wood and Mokattam." Another whole day is required to "visit the Nile Dam," and the seventh and last day is reserved for the Pyramids of Gizeh and Sakkarah, "for this reason that, after the ascent of the great Pyramide and 5 hours ride to Sakkarah and back to Gizeh where your carriage remains waiting, no one will for several days after feel inclined either to walk or ride." It does not seem to occur to our dragoman that some people may have a journey to make on the morrow, and that for those who propose to remain longer at Cairo it will be better to see Sakkarah and Gheeze on different excursions. We next come to the description of Cairo. The old town is a labyrinth of winding streets, "where people are constantly forced to their steps, and where everything that strikes the eye is an object of surprise. . . . A curious sight are also the innumerable and curiosity ornamented porticoes." After the old town, we visit the new. "The second town to wit; that of Ismail Pacha, with its fairy-like gardens, its avenues, its theatres, and its fine wide streets lined with magnificent buildings, recalls to the mind the aspect of the finest European cities and symbolizes the connecting link which now binds Africa to Europe and the East with the West." The wall of Cairo totters, and "will in consequence of the numerous transformation of the city which is daily undergoing, end by disappearing altogether." Mr. Morroni then takes us to the principal mosques. That of Sultan Hassan excites his admiration. It stands "at 99 feet above the level of the Mediterranean by adding 97 feet to the height of the minaret we obtain the same attitude as that of the town of Assouan. . . . This monument formerly surrounded by hotels and ugly buildings has been disengaged and it actually stands forth in all its majestic beauty." To the Mosque of Kaloun "persons attacked with jaundice, consumption, and barren women," repair to seek for remedies, "which are by some people considered efficacious." The Mosque of Sitti Zennab "has an elegant coquettish and almost feminine aspect." But Mr. Morroni's highest admiration is reserved for the Mosque of Mohamed-Aly in the Citadel. "Its height, the elegance of its minarets, the profusion with which alabaster has been lavished on all sides, the majestic size of its cupola, and the hardihood of its general design" are the causes of his admiration, and awaken in his bosom "the remembrance of the illustrious man who lies beneath its dome." We then visit the well "which Joseph son of Ayoub or salading first Ayoubite Sovereign caused to be dug." Next our attention is called to the view. Cairo is in the foreground, with its suburbs. Beyond, and "opposite to Giseh stands the Great Pyramid of that colossal monument which has withstood the action of time and of every agent of destruction." Further south "can be described the Pyramids of Sakkarah." A ramble round the bazaars gives Mr. Morroni further opportunity for the display of his peculiar genius. "In general the sword-blades and gun-barels come mostly from Europe; they being merely fitted up in this country." There is a curious remark on another subject. Lane, if we remember rightly, describes the decapitation of a criminal. Mr. Morroni only says, "Cairo also possesses a new establishment which reflects great credit on the Minister who conceived the idea and followed up its executions." He goes on to give a not very *à propos* account of the public library.

On the longer excursions Mr. Morroni is equally entertaining. At Rhoda we see a palace which, "with its garden-walls overlonging the river, is a very elegant dwelling." At Kasr en Nil is "the fine iron bridge on the Nile 1,500 feet long, with a division or partition 100 feet long pivoting on its axes." Over this remarkable structure we proceed to the Great Pyramid, the ascent of which may be made by 206 steps. "Both during the ascent and descent one is forced to make numberless zig-zags, and to seek for places

offering favourable anfractuities." Within the pyramid "it is necessary to climb by scrambling and crambling on one's hands." The Sphinx is formed "by a natural rock, to which the Egyptians gave the outward appearance of that symbolical animal." The rock being composed of layers, "advantage was taken of the internal existing between them to trace out the mouth." Of Sak-karah, too, there is a full description. "In the center of this Pyramide is a large well, the top of which is on a line with the basis of the Pyramid, and descending far into the earth the age of this monument and name of the King are unknown." We are also taken to visit the abortive "barrage" on which Mohammed Ali spent so much money and so many lives, and after all left unfinished. Mr. Morroni overlooks this fact when he describes the festivities which took place when the Viceroy opened the works:—

Then all under-handed opposition ceased, and the Arab's poet sang the praises of Mohammed Ali and celebrated the triumph of art over the waters. The first stone was laid in great pomp and ceremony by H. H. himself in presence of the Chiefs of the Religion muttering their prayers over the corpses of 50 buffaloes slain on the spot according to the ancient habits and in presence of the Consuls of all the Foreign Powers and of all the high native officials.

Nor were the corpses of the fifty "buffaloes" enough. In the evening 15,000 soldiers partook of an immense feast "prepared by more than 300 cook's busy roasting whole sheeps and oxen." We reluctantly pass by the rest of Mr. Morroni's account of this singular festival, nor shall we quote from his "Muslim Almanack." The only very important correction we would ask him to note for his next edition is that of a statement almost on his last page. At the festival of the Prophet it is not the "Chek el Bakry" who "crosses on horseback the bodies of the faithful," but the Sheyk of the Saidieh dervishes. At the end of the little volume are some advertisements which the reader must by no means skip. He will learn strange things of "dresses adopted for gentlemen," of the Germam dispensary, of the British Pharmacopocia, of a restaurant which offers great comfort for its excellent cuisine, of ready-made clothing and fancy articles, and many other wonderful things. It is a pity no literary donkey-boy exists, for only a donkey-boy could hope to rival, in style and information, the work of Mr. Morroni.

THE PRICE OF WHEAT.

ONE HALF of the agricultural year has this week come to an end, and it is instructive to look back on the course of the wheat market since its beginning. The last harvest was by general consent the worst since 1816—a period of sixty-three years, or the lifetime of two generations. And it was bad, too, all over Europe. Even Austria-Hungary, usually an exporter, is this year an importer; and Russia, hitherto the second greatest source of our supply, has this year but little to sell to us, while several of her provinces are in distress, and some are even suffering from famine. It was natural, therefore, when the full extent of our disaster was realized in the autumn, that very gloomy forebodings should prevail as to the winter then approaching. It may be worth while to remind our readers of the estimates then put forward on the very highest authority. The wheat yield at home was about two-thirds of the average in quantity, while the quality was so bad that its real bread-making value might be taken at about three-fifths of an average crop. Taking this as admitted, it was estimated that we should require to buy from foreigners in the course of the year from 16 to 18 million quarters. From 1866 to 1872 our imports never reached 10 million quarters, and even in 1876-77 they but slightly exceeded 12 million; the estimate, therefore, was that we should need nearly 50 per cent. more than we had required three years ago. In the two agricultural years immediately preceding the current one we imported about 14½ million quarters, and when these enormous purchases, never previously exemplified, seemed likely to be largely exceeded, very grave apprehensions were entertained of the effects upon the condition of the people. What made the matter still more serious was that, as we have already said, the harvests all over the Continent were very deficient. It was estimated that France would need about 8 million quarters; and that Austria-Hungary, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, and Portugal, would require among them 10 million quarters more. Thus the wants of the Continent were estimated at about 18 million quarters, making the requirements of the whole of Europe from 34 to 36 million. On the other hand, it was estimated that the surplus which America had to sell was about 24 million quarters, and that Russia could dispose of about 5 million, making together 29 million quarters. Assuming that Chili, Algiers, India, Australia, and other countries would make up the deficiency after North America and Russia were exhausted, it still seemed to many persons an irrefutable conclusion that the price of wheat during the year must stand very high. As a matter of fact, however, it has not done so.

Our readers are aware that for the purpose of fixing the Tithe Rent Charge, a record is kept of the average price of wheat in 150 towns of England and Wales, and is published weekly in the *London Gazette*. Now we find that at the end of August last the price averaged 49s. 3d. per quarter; in October it had risen sevenpence; but it then began to fall, and in February had got as low as 43s. 1d.; since then it has begun to

rise again, and last week it was as high as 47s. 3d.—still, however, two shillings lower than in October. How very moderate even the highest of these quotations is will be understood when we add that, for the thirteen years ending with September last, the average price was 53s. 3d. Thus we arrive at the strange fact that during the six months immediately following the worst harvest known in England for sixty-three years, and with the whole Continent bidding against us in the markets of the world, the price of British wheat has been lower than the average of the previous thirteen years. No doubt it is true that the exceedingly bad condition in which the crop was got in last autumn must be taken into account. The small yield and bad quality, due to the incessant rains while the ear was on the stalk, were aggravated by the inclement weather of the harvest season. The grain consequently was so damp and soft that it required to be mixed with foreign wheat before grinding, and therefore fetched a lower price than it would have commanded had it been saved in good condition. Still, even when full weight is given to this consideration, the range of prices during the six months gives cause for well-founded surprise, and all the more because a powerful and well-sustained effort has been made to enhance prices. A "ring," as a combination of persons to rig a market is called in the United States, was formed in Chicago as soon as it became evident that the harvests of Europe had failed. This ring bought up immense quantities of wheat, and has held them back in the hope of realizing a large profit. For a time the speculation was attended by a measure of success. At the end of August the price of red winter wheat at New York was \$1 12c. per bushel; it rose steadily during the succeeding months, until in December it reached \$1 58c. per bushel, being a rise of over 41 per cent.; since then it has fluctuated widely, but the general tendency has undoubtedly been downwards, and this week it is as low as \$1 39c. per bushel, being a fall from the December quotation of just 12 per cent. It will be seen that the movements in price on the two sides of the Atlantic are not in parallel lines. In England the maximum point was touched by British corn in October, after which there was a steady decline; in New York, on the contrary, the highest level was not reached till December. In England, again, the tendency of late has been upwards, though to a moderate extent; whereas in New York the past fortnight has witnessed a very sharp fall. The explanation is partly, no doubt, that the home wheat now coming to market is in better condition than that previously sold; but it is chiefly to be found in the fact that the withholding of supplies by the Chicago ring has induced purchasers to buy only from hand to mouth. Knowing that immense stocks are held in America, and must sooner or later be sold, buyers have taken only just enough to satisfy their present wants, calculating that as the year advances prices must be forced down by the bringing to market of the stocks now held back. In following this policy they have necessarily allowed their own stocks to run down, and have been willing to enhance their bids for supplies ready for delivery. On the other hand, the ring, seeing the year running away, are no longer so confident of success as before, and are tempting purchasers by coming down in their terms. Thus the knowledge that large stocks were withheld from the market has helped to defeat the plans of those who withheld them.

The course of prices which we have been tracing shows most strikingly how little dependent this country is, not only on its own harvests, but on any particular source of its foreign supply. As sixty-three years have elapsed since England has suffered from so bad a harvest as that of last year, it may reasonably be hoped that a long period will again pass away before she is visited by a similar failure. Moreover, it is in the highest degree improbable that all Europe as well as England will soon again pass through such a trial. The experiment of free trade has thus been put to the severest test, and has borne it most successfully. So long as we retain the command of the sea, we may now rest satisfied that the country is safe against such an enhancement of the price of food as would press heavily on the working classes. Nor need we fear an artificial withholding of supplies by the greatest foreign producer. We have seen how little effect combination in America has had upon prices, although the Russian surplus for export was exceptionally small, and the rest of Europe were buyers instead of sellers. But it will be long before America can again have such pre-eminence in the market. Yet, even under these exceptional circumstances, the area from which we are now supplied is so enormous that it has neutralized Russian deficiency and American combination. As years go on, that area will increase more and more. Already we receive a considerable quantity of wheat from India, and an advance of a very few shillings per quarter would bring us much more; while every improvement in the communications of the wheat-growing districts with the sea will enable India to lay down wheat in the London market more and more cheaply. So, again, the growth of population in Australia, and the consequent extension of the area of cultivation, will rapidly increase the exports from our colonies there. Lastly, railway construction, better government, the accumulation of capital, and the like, will increase the surplus produce of such countries as Egypt, Roumania, and the South American Republics. The members of the Chicago ring did not give sufficient attention to these facts, and they miscalculated accordingly. They erred in another way also. Because last year with an average harvest we imported 14½ million quarters of wheat, they concluded that this year, with a harvest one-third below the average, we must import at least 18 million quarters. But they forgot that last year

the price was exceptionally low, and that a serious rise might be expected to check consumption. Last year the cheapness of wheat induced people to use it instead of inferior grains; this year its comparative dearness puts a stop to this, and the change enables buyers, as we said above, to purchase only from hand to mouth.

As regards the future course of the market, it seems probable that the price will not be very much lower than it is at present. Europe still needs very large supplies, and of course will have to pay for them. But, on the other hand, the time is fast approaching when the new harvest will begin to ripen in some parts of the United States. The indications are, it is said, that the growing crop will be superior even to the last. According to returns published at the end of the second week of March by one of the Chicago papers, the area under winter wheat in the States of Illinois, Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, Missouri, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Kansas, and Iowa exceeds by about fifty per cent. last year's acreage, and in eight out of the ten States the condition of the plant was excellent. From the rest of the country the reports are equally favourable. At home, too, and throughout Europe, the favourable weather of the past month promises well for the result of the next harvest. Under these circumstances, the members of the Chicago ring will naturally be anxious to get rid of their stocks without loss; and we may expect, therefore, that the American exports will from this time forward be large. Should the summer be exceptionally favourable, and the harvest very early, there may even be a considerable fall in price; for buyers in Europe will feel their advantage and hold back, while sellers in America will be eager to realize on any terms rather than have their stocks left upon their hands. But of course we have no right to count upon exceptionally favourable circumstances. If the summer is an ordinary one, and the harvest takes place at the usual time, the likelihood seems to be that prices will not drop much below their present level.

REVIEWS.

LIFE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.*

SIR THEODORE MARTIN is to be congratulated on the completion of his arduous and delicate task, though he may perhaps feel, like Gibbon on his terrace at Lausanne, that the discontinuance of a customary occupation causes a feeling of regret, as on parting with a friend. Of the industry, the literary skill, and the good taste with which he has written the *Life of the Prince Consort*, there is, except among a few party politicians, little difference of opinion. Throughout the work, courtly reticence has been reconciled with independent judgment, and sincere appreciation has never expressed itself in the language of flattery. It is perhaps fortunate that the concluding portion of the book furnishes little occasion for controversy. The factious folly which discerned in the revelations of the previous volume a supposed tendency to usurpation on the part of the Crown has already collapsed. It happens that in a letter now published, and written to the Princess Royal in 1860, the Prince Consort had unconsciously anticipated and answered the vulgar charge of personal government. The Princess had sent him a memorandum of her own in favour of Ministerial responsibility, in which her father heartily concurred. He added that the responsibility of Ministers, involving the ultimate right of decision, was the correlative of the maxim that the King can do no wrong. "Why should a transgressor of the law of the State find protection in the mere will of the sovereign? Let this be so, and all law and justice must come to an end." As to "the patriarchal relation of kings to their people, and as to personal government," he said that "the patriarchal relation is pretty much like the idyllic life of the Arcadian shepherds, a figure of speech and not much more." Monarchy from the days of Attila to those of Louis XV. "was as little like a patriarchal relation as anything could be. On the contrary, it was sovereignty based upon spoliation, war, murder, oppression, and massacre." Again, after the fall of Napoleon, "The betrayed peoples were required to become good children, because the Princes styled themselves good fathers. The July Revolution, and all that has taken place since then, sufficiently demonstrate that the peoples neither can nor will play the part of children." The Prince Consort could not have guessed that the constitutional acceptance by the Queen of the advice of a Minister commanding a large majority in Parliament would have been denounced as an undue exercise of personal government. He reserved to himself the right of forming and expressing an independent judgment on the opinions and conduct of the Ministers, but in all instances he acquiesced in the decision of the Cabinet as final. Lord John Russell, amongst others, furnished him with sufficiently tempting occasions of criticism. In one of his Notes Lord John gave offence to nearly all the European Governments, by unnecessarily vindicating as consistent with international law the utterly lawless, though morally justifiable, enterprise of Cavour and his King against Central Italy and Naples. A more prudent statesman, while he approved of the result, would have relied for apology on extraordinary circumstances constituting political necessity. Lord John Russell took the opportunity of justifying on general grounds acts which might have formed a dangerous precedent. "The

craving," said the Prince, "of individual statesmen to thrust themselves into the van in the general movement, and to make themselves conspicuous, is a constant temptation to mischief." "Sir George Lewis," who, it may be remarked, of all statesmen of the time most nearly resembled the Prince Consort in moral and intellectual temperament, "said to me lately, 'I find that the Cabinet is an institution intended to prevent individual Ministers from immortalizing themselves at the expense of the country.' This would be a valuable institution, if it ever fulfilled its destiny."

In the last two years of the Prince's life, which form the subject of the concluding volume, there was an unusual lull in party politics. The contest for office had been decided in favour of the Liberals in 1859; and the wise selection of Lord Palmerston as Prime Minister in preference to his rival made the Government generally popular. Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, at the head of a powerful Opposition, were content to suspend for the time the struggle for office. As they well knew, Lord Palmerston had greater facilities than any Conservative Minister for restraining all tendencies to innovation. He was indeed compelled to allow Lord John Russell to amuse himself by introducing a Reform Bill in the Session of 1860; but after the second reading, he complacently informed the Queen that "dislike of the Bill is a growing feeling in the House, and not confined to the Opposition side." Later in the year Lord John Russell himself discovered that he had committed an anachronism in attempting unseasonably to renew in the same field the cherished triumphs of his youth. In a letter to Lord Palmerston he confessed that "the apathy of the country is undeniable, nor is it a transient humour. It seems rather a confirmed habit of mind." Lord Palmerston must have congratulated himself on his prudent resolution to allow his restless colleague free scope for the indulgence of his prejudices. His differences with another and still more unmanageable colleague were so notorious at the time as perhaps to render unobjectionable Sir Theodore Martin's reference to the internal dissensions of the Cabinet on the paper duty. In one of his late speeches Mr. Gladstone recapitulated the story for the purpose of exposing the House of Lords to odium, with a conventional mention of Lord Palmerston as the Minister who revenged himself in 1861 for a check inflicted in 1860. The Prime Minister, in fact, as Mr. Gladstone well knows, highly approved the rejection by the House of Lords of the Bill for the repeal of the paper duty. The smallness of the majority for the Bill in the House of Commons "may," as Lord Palmerston wrote to the Queen, "probably encourage the House of Lords to throw out the Bill when it comes to their House, and Viscount Palmerston is bound in duty to say that, if they do so, they will perform a good public service." Mr. Gladstone's opposition to the loan for fortifications, which was nevertheless effected by his chief, was also well known at the time. He had, notwithstanding his eloquence and his great financial success, little or no influence in Lord Palmerston's Cabinet; but he was more or less consciously establishing his position as the future head of a party which greatly changed its character after the death of Lord Palmerston, Lord Herbert, the Duke of Newcastle, and Sir G. Lewis. The Government during 1860 and 1861 contrived to deal with its own internal rivalries; and it was seldom assailed by the Opposition. On foreign affairs its leading members were united. "The two old Italian masters," as Prince Albert, in a phrase invented by Lady W. Russell, called Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, heartily sympathized from first to last with all the movements which ultimately resulted in the establishment of Italian unity. The Prince Consort, though he was not unfriendly to the cause of Italy, had by this time learned profoundly to distrust the vacillating and impulsive policy of the Emperor of the French. He was less surprised than the Ministers at his annexation of Savoy and Nice, on the pretext of the acquisition by Victor Emmanuel of the Tuscan Duchies. Lord John Russell's disappointment found expression in an indignant speech which was afterwards followed by angry correspondence, and even by threats of war on the part of the French Minister. With dangers of this kind Lord Palmerston knew how to deal. He informed Count Flahault that, if the French Government really desired war, the challenge would be accepted, and that he thought that the result might perhaps be favourable to England. From that time to the end of his administration and his life he was not troubled with further menaces of the same kind.

The annexation of Savoy, while it gratified the national feeling of France, inflicted but little loss on Italy; but it caused just uneasiness by the precedent which it seemed to establish of disturbance of the territorial arrangements which had then existed for nearly fifty years. Those who were interested in European politics twenty years ago remember the incessant agitation caused or encouraged by Napoleon III. for the re-arrangement of the map of Europe. From time to time pamphlets appeared at Paris, with real or supposed official sanction, proposing additions of territory, sometimes to Austria, and sometimes to Prussia, in compensation for sacrifices which were for the most part not clearly defined. It was understood on all sides that the various schemes related to the recovery by France of the frontier of the Rhine; and it was probably in the hope of commencing some negotiation on the subject that the Emperor proposed to visit the Prince Regent of Prussia at Baden. The design was baffled by the invitation of many German Princes to assist at the reception of the Emperor; and it was not till after many years that overtures were made on either side for the

* *The Life of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort.* By Theodore Martin. Vol. V. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1880.

spoliation of weaker neighbours. Another danger to peace was caused by the designs against the Austrian possession of Venetia, which, after the marvellous success of his Neapolitan enterprise, were loudly proclaimed by Garibaldi. There was no doubt that the attack would be easily repelled; but it was uncertain whether France would afterwards interfere to prevent the Austrian occupation of Lombardy. The ascendancy which Cavour ultimately established over the impetuous adventurer saved the new-born monarchy from imminent peril. To the Prince Consort no foreign politics were so interesting as those of Germany. He deeply regretted the animosity which was caused between Prussia and England by the wanton and ignorant attacks of the press, and especially of the *Times*, on the German Governments and nation. He had through life retained the well-founded conviction that the regeneration and unity of Germany depended absolutely on the extension of the influence of Prussia. No discredit is thrown on his sagacity by his failure to foresee the methods by which Prussian predominance was destined to be attained. The Prince took every opportunity of impressing on the Prince Regent, afterwards King, and now German Emperor, that Prussia ought to secure the confidence of Germany by setting an example of constitutional freedom. He regretted the disregard of legislative control in the organization of the army, which nevertheless after his death enabled Prussia to expel Austria from the Confederation, to acquire possession of Schleswig-Holstein, Hanover, and Electoral Hesse, and after the victorious French campaign to re-establish the German Empire. The road to unity through constitutional freedom might possibly have led to the same point, but it would have been much longer. The hints from time to time suggested in the *Times* that the Prince was devoted to German dynastic politics, to the detriment of English interests, were as unworthy and as baseless as the agitation against personal government which not long since attained temporary and scandalous notoriety. The last public service which the Prince rendered to the Queen and to his adopted country was the introduction of one or two conciliatory sentences into the despatch addressed to the American Government on the occasion of the *Trent* outrage. The lawless act of an American officer had been publicly approved by the House of Representatives; and nearly every town in Massachusetts had bestowed its freedom on the offender in reward of his insolent conduct. There is reason to believe that the Cabinet had almost resolved to refuse reparation, and that Mr. Lincoln overruled his advisers. A vote of the body which not long since gave a complimentary reception to Mr. Parnell had perhaps no political significance. The blustering language of the despatch in which Mr. Seward conceded the just demand of the English Government might perhaps have been employed to justify a refusal, if Lord Russell's peremptory draft had not been corrected by the Prince Consort. An additional reason for courtesy in the form of remonstrance had been furnished by the immediate despatch of reinforcements to Canada. The English Minister at Washington had warned his Government that vigorous preparations for war afforded the only prospect of maintaining peace.

The future popularity of Sir Theodore Martin's work will perhaps depend less on the valuable materials for history which it contains than on the biographical interest attaching to a record of a singularly faultless character. The consciousness of great intellectual power combined with indefatigable industry may perhaps sometimes have tempted the Prince to assume an unduly didactic attitude. The published fragment of the *Life of Bishop Wilberforce* contains a prelection by Prince Albert on the duties of an English bishop which must have amused the humorous and courtly prelate, as addressed to a great ecclesiastical dignitary by a lay foreign Lutheran of six-and-twenty; but in his communications with the Queen's Ministers the Prince seems to have appreciated more justly their position and his own; and his knowledge of Continental affairs enabled him to give useful information even to experienced statesmen. The respectful tone in which he is addressed by all his correspondents is evidently suggested by genuine recognition of his ability and knowledge as well as by formal deference to his rank. Lord Palmerston, with whom the Prince Consort had once engaged in an injudicious contest for influence, appears during his last administration to have greatly relied on his mature judgment and knowledge. Attentive students of biography know that letters frequently illustrate the character of the recipient as fully as those which he writes. In the case of the Prince Consort the contributions of his correspondents are especially valuable, because his own letters relate principally to public business. His letters to the King of Prussia are in the nature of State papers, and even his confidential communications with Baron Stockmar have something of the character of disquisitions. Of the kindness of Prince Albert's nature, and of the warmth and tenacity of his domestic affections, Sir Theodore Martin is able to furnish ample descriptions. His acknowledgment of the generous confidence which has enabled him to write with independence is probably as well founded as it is evidently sincere; but in his peculiar circumstances the biographer must have submitted to voluntary restraints which would not have been imposed upon him by external authority. He could not properly criticize a character which, as it was known, must have been subject to foibles and defects. His sources of information perhaps supplied inadequate illustrations of the lighter side of the Prince Consort's nature. The work would have been still more complete if Sir Theodore Martin had been enabled by circumstances to preserve

some record of the gaiety and humour which occasionally relieved the serious tenour of the Prince's grave and laborious life. It is for the most part neither in official intercourse nor in family life that a genial nature relaxes into hearty merriment; yet there were times when the Prince Consort told and enjoyed good stories, of which some are still remembered. The wise statesman, the blameless father of a family, the model of public and private virtue, might command among men of the world only imperfect sympathy, if it were not known that he was capable of genuine laughter.

DIXON'S ROYAL WINDSOR.*

IN a few simple and pathetic words of preface Miss Dixon tells us how the last evening of her father's life was spent in completing the revision of the third volume of *Royal Windsor*. "What could be done by another hand," she adds, "has been done; but if any errors have crept into the text of the fourth volume, the blame rests with me." It is only justice to say that Miss Dixon appears to have been perfectly competent to carry on the revision thus bequeathed to her, and that the fourth volume shows no signs of the absence of the author's hand.

Much that may be said during a writer's lifetime would be out of place and out of taste immediately after his death. We have not, it is well known, ever been among the admirers of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's style and method as an historian. Without offence, we may say that he belonged to a class of writers who are more attractive to the "general reader" of the circulating libraries than to sober students of history. Further than this we need not now go in criticism. But even if we were disposed to be critical, we should acknowledge that from our point of view these two volumes do show some advance upon their predecessors which we noticed about this time last year. On the whole, the author has less frequently strayed from the beaten track of plain prose; the colouring of his descriptions has been a little toned down, the glitter a little subdued. We could not, even now, term the style austere and chastened, but we may admit that its distressing brilliancy is less obtrusive than of old. We must too in fairness add that, however much there may be in Mr. Dixon's writings which only readers of uncultivated taste could admire, he had the merit of feeling a genuine interest in and sympathy for the men and women of the past, and did not descend to that contemptuous method, which popular writers so often affect, of treating our ancestors as a set of mere knaves and fools.

The third volume opens with Henry VII. riding into Windsor on Saturday, March 29th, 1488, to make his preparations for keeping the feast of St. George in St. George's Hall. Saturday, as Mr. Dixon, following Bacon's *Life and Reign of King Henry VII.*, tells us, was Henry's lucky day—"on a Saturday he had won the battle of Bosworth Field; and on a Saturday he had entered London and secured his crown." To St. George Henry, as befitted one who aspired to the throne of England, professed an especial devotion. "Never for a moment had he failed his patron." We are not sure that this is quite the orthodox and reverential way of expressing a man's relations to his patron saint. It is he who needs his patron's help, not his patron his. Henry, it would seem, had been a dutiful and assiduous votary, and the Saint had never turned a deaf ear to his prayers. This beginning supplies the author with an opportunity for sketching the past history of Henry and his family, and for describing the events which constrained the King to let two successive anniversaries of the Saint pass uncelebrated at Windsor. Queen Elizabeth of York, the "Lady Bessy" of ballad, is set before us in the most approved novelist's manner:—

Bright, supple, fair, with sea-blue eyes and tawny locks, she looked the model of such angels as Italian masters then loved to paint. Youth, fortune, love attended on her steps; yet few princesses of her race had passed through so much tempest as Elizabeth of York.

It is sad to think of "tawny locks," which would be so valuable to a modern heroine, having been wasted upon a rigid age which forbade even the youngest and fairest matron to display more than one poor tuft of hair between the headdress and that white expanse of forehead, rounded and polished like an egg, which seems to have been the chief "point" of a fifteenth-century beauty. However powerful may have been the charm of Lady Bessy's tawny locks and sea-blue eyes, the assertion that Henry of Richmond invaded England "more to deliver her from bondage than to win a crown" strikes us as savouring rather of romance than of history. We are favoured with a description of his eyes also:—

Kate seemed to have come back to earth in him. Her eyes were his; two restless and mercurial orbs; not sea-blue, like the other princes of his house, but dark and mystical, with the glamour of a Celtic race.

"Kate," be it explained, is Richmond's grandmother, Katharine of France. Whether an historian is entitled to take the liberty of styling her "Kate" because her first husband, King Henry V., used to do so, is a point on which we have our doubts. Of Richmond's mother, the Lady Margaret, we read:—

The king's mother, Margaret of Richmond, had no youth, no beauty, to engage the eye. Her wan and troubled face rested on a bent and broken frame. Picture and victim of the civil war, she looked, like many other wrecks around her, wasted in the fire and withered by the storm.

* *Royal Windsor*. By William Hepworth Dixon. Vols. III. and IV. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1880.

Somerset, her father, plucked that red rose in the Temple garden, with his cry:

"Let him that is no coward and no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose with me."

Somerset stood against Plantagenet, each in his own person representing a branch of the royal house. No one suffered more in that "contention" than Lady Margaret. The duke, her father, perished in the cause. The second duke, her uncle, fell at St. Albans; and his son, her cousin Henry, lost his life.

The Lady Margaret's father, John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, though he was, as the head of the Beaufort family, the natural rival of Richard Plantagenet, and though the dramatist represents him as plucking the red rose in the Temple Gardens, can hardly be said to have "perished in the cause," as he died in 1444, some years before the rivalry of the Roses ripened into civil war. He is mainly remarkable for having conducted a feeble campaign in France, and for the suspicion of suicide which attached to his death.

The author goes on to tell of the efforts of "Lovel our dog" and John de la Pole to cast Henry down from his new-won throne. In two successive years Lovel figured as an insurgent leader. As the writer puts it, in speaking of the second attempt, "Returning to his bark and snap, Lovel appeared once more in a rebel camp." The second chapter gives an account of the additions to Windsor Castle planned, and to some extent carried out, by Henry. We are told how he first designed to erect his chapel—"a mausoleum for his dynasty"—at Windsor, but afterwards chose another site. "What Windsor lost Westminster was to gain." Under present circumstances, Westminster's gain seems likely to have its drawbacks. Had the "mausoleum" been erected at Windsor, a place of courtly, not of national, associations, statues to foreign pretenders might be set up in it by those who have a mind, without making the nation an accomplice in an affront to a friendly Government and people.

The chapter headed "A Windsor Comedy" has not, as might be rashly supposed, anything to do with Sir John Falstaff or the Merry Wives, but begins an account, amusing enough, of the process by which Henry half cajoled, half coerced Philip of Austria, who had been cast by tempest on the English shores, into giving up the refugee Edmund de la Pole. "A fat young person, restless, timid, and scant of breath," is the unflattering description, worthy of Mr. Carlyle's pen, which is here given of Philip the Handsome. Philip's perturbations are recounted in a lively and decidedly rhythmical manner. "He knew his host. Unless he fled, Henry was certain to insist on having Pole, and heaven knew what besides. . . . The roads were long, the English riders fleet." The author shows a dramatist's or a novelist's insight into Philip's secret thoughts:—

Still, as he sat alone, the query came to him, whether all these courtesies might not mask some sinister design? By similar courtesies, his father, Maximilian, had laid hands on Edmund de la Pole; by similar courtesies, his wife's father, Fernando, had entrapped Cesare Borgia. Such things were of the day. Was Henry of higher chivalry than Caesar and the king of Aragon? Don Philip fancied not. Like other kings, he had been known to smile, and murder while he smiled. . . . What evil scheme, then, lurked beneath those Tudor smiles? Philip was vain, but not so vain as to imagine, that an old man could have fallen in love, like a flower-girl, with his rosy cheek. He drank more wine.

At this point we may leave Don Philip, "flustered by his wine, and fretted by his fears." We pass to the reign of Henry VIII., and to "that mystery of mysteries, called the Duke of Buckingham's plot," as to which the author corrects various errors of Shakespeare, who "mistook the man, misplaced the scene, misrepresented the event." For Buckingham the author has little pity; but all his sympathies go with a later traitor or victim, the Earl of Surrey, whom he paints in the most glowing colours as a cavalier, a poet, "a liberal, opposed in heart and mind to what he called the Old Superstition," and well-nigh as a saint. "He led a life so pure that he was deemed austere." Eating flesh in Lent, and calling notorious sinners to repentance by breaking their windows at dead of night, seem to have been among the developments of Surrey's religious zeal. For this last performance he may, as he averred, and as his panegyrist believes, have had the highest motives; but it must be admitted to bear a suspicious family likeness to the freaks of other young gentlemen of quality who never incurred the reproach of austerity. Edward Seymour, "one of the hangers-on at court, known by his sour visage, and his luck at cards"—the future Duke of Somerset—plays the villain in the drama of which Surrey is the good hero. That Surrey owed his death to the hostile influence of Seymour has long been an accepted belief. At an earlier stage of his career, Seymour, according to Mr. Dixon, helped to destroy Surrey's cousin, Queen Anne Boleyn, in order to "lift his sister Jane, a middle-aged coquette, into her majesty's seat." A dark hint is thrown out that Seymour may have had some hand in the death of Surrey's playmate, friend, and brother-in-law, Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond, whom, it was suspected, the King, in default of a legitimate son, had once intended to make his heir:—

Seymour detested him [Richmond], for both his own sake and his wife's sake. Each was a rival of his sister Jane. By what means—foul or fair—he passed away, no man can say. Like to the beginning was the end of that strange life. Out of the shadows he had come, into the shadows he fell back.

Not that in these pages Henry Fitzroy's origin is left in the shadows. On the contrary, a pretty strong light is turned upon the subject, and the fact that his birthplace was a house called

"Jericho," which Henry VIII. greatly frequented, gives occasion for a distressing joke about "gone to Jericho." But there is much, derived from Surrey himself, about the early life of Richmond and his friend at Windsor which is pleasant reading enough, despite the overstrained style; and those unacquainted with our early poets may obtain from the specimens here given, and the remarks upon them, a good idea of Surrey's musical verse. We wish the author had less frequently transferred to his own prose the "lilt" which he so praises in the Earl's poetry. A chapter is given to Fair Geraldine, with whom, so it is asserted, Surrey "was not in love . . . except so far as Shakspeare may be said to have been in love with Portia, Viola, and Imogen." This illustration is not very apposite, as at any rate Geraldine actually existed, and was not a pure creation of the poet's fancy.

The chapter headed "Lady Elizabeth's Grace" will hardly meet with the approbation of M. Wiesener, who has laboured so hard to demolish the "legend" of the persecution of Elizabeth by her cruel half-sister. Bedingfield, Elizabeth's custodian, who in truth appears to have been a "gaoler" much of the type of Sir Hudson Lowe, is here described as "a brute, who seemed unconscious of the lady's rank, and even of her sex," and the men under his command as "a gang of rake-hells gathered from the city slums." Of Queen Mary we have a personal description, which, even if not exaggerated as to facts, is too painful for good taste. Some decorous reticence, some decent charity towards physical defects and infirmities, should be observed even in writing of "old maids of thirty-nine." By way of dealing out even-handed justice to both sides, Philip of Spain is treated in much the same style of unpleasant exaggeration:—

The "good" young man turned out a cheat. Instead of looking handsome and heroic, like his portraits, he was a dwarf; with crooked legs, a narrow chest, a hanging lip, a gaping mouth, and a protruding jaw.

We are told that from the time of his landing to that of his coming to Windsor, "no drop of English wine had passed Don Philip's throat, nor had the Spanish shirt of mail been taken off," so fearful was he of poison or assassination. The statement about the wine may be literally true; but both Lingard and Mr. Froude agree—and it is not often that they do agree—that on his first reception in England Philip pledged the company in a tankard of English ale, in order to show his readiness to adapt himself to the customs of the country. Before leaving this volume, we will note a misprint in the chapter on Ascham's *Schoolmaster*—that of "Turner" for Tusser, whose lamentable, though not very poetical, lines, setting forth how he once received "fifty-three stripes" from Udal, the master of Eton, are here quoted.

On the last volume our limits will not permit us to comment at any length. The most interesting passages are those upon James and Charles I.'s enforcement of their forest rights at Windsor, and upon the rebuilding of Windsor Cross by Bishop Goodman. The history of the Castle is brought down to the close of the reign of George III., and thence—George IV. and his connexion with Windsor being ignored altogether—to our present Sovereign:—

A third scene—and the last—shows the fortress of Edward, the court of Elizabeth, the camp of Cromwell, the head-quarters of William, changed into the picture of an English home.

MEMOIR OF BISHOP MILMAN.*

WITH all the loving care bestowed upon this book, there is one point where it is deficient. Those who knew Robert Milman, whether in England or in India, whether as priest or bishop, know that he was not only a very saintly character and a man of highly original mind, but that there was in him a depth of grim humour which no amount of anxiety could exhaust, and that he was constantly saying, without effort or premeditation, good things which made one think as well as laugh. Of this humour, so much a part of the very nature of the man himself, there is scarcely a spark in the four hundred pages before us. It is also a subject of regret to us that her estimate of his episcopal work has induced his biographer to devote only some six or seven pages to the first fifty years of his life; although Miss Milman can quote from an "Indian civilian high in office, a Presbyterian by birth, creed, and education," the assertion that Bishop Milman "made such a mark as no man had ever made in India before." We think that old Indians who watched how Milman's predecessor, in times far more critical, while the flames of the Mutiny were still smouldering, went about his work, will be slow to admit that any Indian ecclesiastic, however eminent, has ever surpassed Bishop Cotton, the great statesman prelate who disarmed suspicion and silenced opposition, and at the same time was ever learning and modifying his theories as experience guided him. But this is rather anticipating matters; and we must repeat our regret that more is not told us of the earlier life of Milman than that, having been presented by the care of his uncle, the Dean of St. Paul's, who was then Canon of Westminster, to the living of Chaddlesworth in Berkshire, almost immediately on his ordination to the priesthood, he became successively Vicar of Lambourne and of Marlow, reducing his income and adding to his labours at each exchange, and everywhere setting a very high example of parochial work. There are many more good stories about him still afloat than

* *Memoir of the Right Rev. Robert Milman, D.D., Lord Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India; with a Selection from his Correspondence and Journals.* By his Sister, Frances Maria Milman. London: John Murray. 1879.

the solitary one given in this book, which tells us how, when a Lambourne horse achieved some unusual triumph, and the ringers, horse every one of them, defied the Vicar and got into the belfry and celebrated the victory by a merry peal of the church bells, the Vicar summoned them before the magistrates for an act of trespass, and on the following Sunday preached a sermon on the abuses of the turf which made his hearers tremble. A day's ramble on the Berkshire downs, with judicious inquiries made of the natives, would even at this distance of time bring to light a multitude of stories of the Vicar of Lambourne which would show what manner of man he was. We ourselves have a good store of them. Amidst unceasing parochial activity Mr. Milman was an intense student. He was eminently what is called an "uncomfortable" man; he had no sense of personal comfort or ease; it was not asceticism, but sheer indifference, which shaped his life and made him reckless of health, regardless of food, whether as to its quality or the regularity with which it was served, which sent him to bed almost at the hour when the rest of the world was thinking of rising, and made him content with four or five hours of rest. His studies were not unproductive. Several works of his will long survive him. The *Life of Tasso* which he published in 1850 testifies to the elegance of his Italian scholarship; while at Lambourne he published the *Conversion of Pomerania*, now a textbook in the Oxford schools; and his devotional Exposition of Isaiah, chapter liii., *The Love of the Atonement*, published about the same time, at once took that foremost place among devotional books which it is not likely to lose. It was another instance of the keen discernment of the late Bishop Wilberforce that he asked the Vicar of Lambourne to leave the Berkshire downs and a purely agricultural flock and take charge of the more important parish of Great Marlow. The Bishop was wont to say that Milman's was the most original mind in the diocese; it was well stored with patristic reading, and his sermons at Oxford and his lectures at Cuddesdon delighted as much as they astonished his hearers.

In January 1867, when he had nearly completed his fifty-first year, Milman was offered the see of Calcutta by the present Lord Salisbury. He was by no means the first person to whom the offer had been made. There are at least two bishops now on the Bench who, with other very eminent men, shrank from the responsibility; but Milman regarded the offer as a call, and when told that the see had been vacant three months and that he had better not delay his departure to the autumn, he replied with military promptitude that he would be ready in a fortnight. Consecrated on the Feast of the Purification, he left his old home on February 14, and on Lady Day was enthroned in the cathedral at Calcutta.

The difficulties of an Indian bishop can hardly be realized save by those who have special knowledge of them. Indian bishops are, to a degree which has no counterpart elsewhere, officers of State, and bound by regulations which seem at times to subordinate their spiritual to their official functions. They exist, as no other bishops exist, under the provisions of an Act of Parliament—the 53rd George III.—which could not contemplate the present condition of India either ecclesiastical or social. When Wilberforce and his friends succeeded in getting passed the Act of 1814, under which Bishop Middleton was consecrated and sent to Hindostan, they aimed only, as the Act declares, at "the superintendence and good government of the Ministers of the Church Establishment within the East Indies." There was not a single clergyman in India except the chaplains of the East India Company, and there was no appreciable English population except the servants of the Company. The only missionaries whom English money supported were in Lutheran orders, and it was not likely that the Company, then in the plenitude of its power, would encourage missionaries, when it had but recently expelled the Serampore brethren from the territory of which it was the ruler. But now, although the Establishment remains, and a hundred and sixty chaplains are maintained out of the resources of the country, there has grown up a clerical body, composed of divers elements, which altogether outnumber the chaplains, who are not unfrequently given to calling themselves "the Indian Church." Our Indian possessions are no longer a huge garrison. As railways have been developed, and tea-planting and other industries have attracted immigrants from this country, it has been found necessary to provide the ministrations of religion for this civilian population, who have no claim on the services of the chaplains; and between thirty and forty clergymen are thus employed. Within the last fifty years missionary work has covered nearly the whole of India with a network of evangelistic agencies, and the missionary clergy now number nearly three hundred, of whom more than one-third are natives of the land and the indigenous clergy of the true Indian Church. Over this complex clerical body, consisting of Government chaplains, English pastors, Indian missionaries, and native clergy, the Bishops of India preside; and to direct workers so differently conditioned and work so diversified is a Herculean and even impossible task. They are hampered, too, in a way which other bishops know nothing of; the Letters Patent granted in 1814 curtailed the full episcopal powers, and intimated in no uncertain tone that these limited powers were liable to further curtailment at the Royal pleasure. The later Acts which constituted the sees of Madras and Bombay repeated the tone of the earlier Act. As our Indian Empire has grown, the sees have, by a legal fiction, been supposed to extend in corresponding measure; and, in spite of the immense change which has altered the whole work of the Church, and has introduced four distinct

groups of clergy where originally there was only one, the original conception of Indian bishops, which made them *quasi*-chaplains-general in episcopal orders, still remains in full and unassailed force. The sees of Lahore and Rangoon were only allowed by the authorities to be founded by private munificence two years ago, when the death of Bishop Milman from overwork proved the necessity of such relief, on condition that the new bishops received, in addition to the endowments of their sees, the position and emoluments of Government chaplains, and therefore with the subordination to the civil authorities. Even this might have been impossible but for the discovery that the Act of 1814 in strictness only extended to what was at that time British India. Moreover, the terms of the Royal Proclamation of 1858, in which all persons under the authority of the Crown are strictly enjoined "that they abstain from all interference with the religious belief or worship" of any of their fellow-subjects in India, do undoubtedly limit the episcopal functions to the oversight of the Government chaplains. No bishop in India, so far as we know, has ever acted on the letter or the spirit either of the Letters Patent or of the Royal Proclamation of 1858. Middleton, Heber, Cotton, Douglas, and Milman have been strenuous evangelists; and, as there have been no missionary successes on a scale to provoke an outbreak of Hindoo or Mussulman fanaticism, they have not been interfered with in their missionary work. But they have all done what they have done with strength overtaken and with minds distracted by many duties; and with an episcopate so constituted and so limited the unification of the Indian clergy is impossible. Bishop Milman wrote, in spite of these documents:—"We Indian bishops were especially appointed from the first with distinctly missionary objects; to be mere head military chaplain is not a position which would have much attraction." Feeling this intensely himself, he called upon the chaplains at least to show sympathy with missionary work, adding:—"You are, before Christ, as responsible for the heathen round you as you are for the British soldier. There is no evading this accountability by any one who undertakes an Indian chaplaincy. I felt it in my own person even terribly when I accepted the bishopric, most reluctantly, God is my witness." Nevertheless, the man who, situated as Milman was, wrote these words, was obviously in a false position.

How he endeavoured to prepare himself for this arduous work is very generally known, and is amply brought out in his biography. That a man should have acquired after his fiftieth birthday a knowledge of Arabic, Persian, Hindustani, and Bengali, a power of ministering easily and with comfort to himself in the two last-named tongues, and the extraordinary facility of speaking—as on one occasion he spoke to educated Hindoos for an hour and a half, without a single note—in idiomatic Hindustani, using, as his subject compelled him to use, many scientific and theological terms, is a feat almost unparalleled. His addresses in English on subjects which were not remotely connected with Christianity were eagerly listened to by the natives, who appreciated him "because he always treated them with respect." And yet, although his work was done by almost superhuman effort, it could not be done as it ought to have been. The Bishop's life was a protracted scramble, possible only to a man of iron frame and blessed with perfect indifference to his own comfort. "The diocese has to be gone round once in three years," he wrote, and he managed to accomplish the feat, but only by incessant night travelling, now in dak gharry, now in palki, now in canal boat, now on horseback, and after nine years he sank beneath the burden utterly worn out. Under his guidance a new Furlough Bill was passed which made it possible for bishops to go to England more frequently than before, and at the same time prevented their remaining away from their dioceses and their work too long. There can be no doubt that under Milman's rule the standard of Christian living among the laity, and of ministerial obligation among the clergy, was visibly raised; with no thought of being popular, he had a wonderful gift of winning men's hearts; the palace was described as a "happy hospitable home," whose doors were ever open, and were a true type of the heart of the owner; and it is sad to think that under the burden of labours with which it was impossible to cope, a valuable life has been sacrificed, when with ripened experience it was rapidly accumulating larger and larger results.

WILLOBIE'S AVISA.*

TO approach the private and personal life of Shakspeare is an ambition which human curiosity would do well to resign. By an extraordinary fatality the darkness which conceals the individual career of the great poet covers also all those who are known to have been brought into connexion with him. No sooner do we become aware of some fresh link between him and his contemporaries than the customary disappointment results, and we are bound to confess that the new information leaves us as ill informed as it found us. But perhaps in no instance are we so vexatiously balked, led so close to the verge of a revelation and then thrust back again, as in the case of the curious little book called *Willobie's Avisas* which Dr. Grosart has just reprinted for the first time from a unique perfect exemplar which has only lately come to hand. Towards the close of the next century Sir Aston Cokain left on

* *Willobie his Avisas; or, the True Picture of a Modest Maid and of a Chaste and Constant Wife.* 1594. Reprinted for Sixty Subscribers by the Rev. A. B. Grosart. Blackburn: 1880.

record that he knew Massinger intimately, and could have written his life had he cared to do so. We feel that we could almost have pardoned him for the infamous comedies that he found time to write if he would have earned our forgiveness by undertaking the task which he disdain to do cavalierly. In like manner it is plain that the anonymous poet of *Avisa* might have secured immortality had he resigned the delight of writing mediocre verses, and had told us, in plain prose, all that he knew about Shakspeare.

That he did know not a little seems tantalizingly certain. In the prefatory verses attached to *Willobie's Avisa* we find the earliest mention of Shakspeare's name that has hitherto come to light:—

Though Collatine have dearly bought,
To high renown, a lasting life,
And found, that most in vain have sought,
To have a fair and constant wife,
Yet Tarquin plucked his glistening grape,
And Shakspeare paints poor Lucrece' rape.

Before, however, we dwell on those passages in the body of the poem which seem to refer to the great poet, we may describe the general tenor of the work itself. It opens with a description, in high-flown terms, of a certain *Avisa*, a young maiden of lowly origin, not sprung "from eagles' nest, but turtle-bred," of the most delicate beauty, and constant, both as a maiden and a wife, against the attacks of many lovers of high degree. That this *Avisa* is a real person becomes obvious from many little realistic touches, which the author does not hesitate to give—among others, that she is the daughter of the mayor of a neighbouring town. She was born

At wester side of Albion's isle,
Where Austin pitched his monkish tent;

that is, it would seem, at Glastonbury, in Somersetshire; but she lives in a "rosy vale" at some distance from her birthplace, and close to an ancient castle. It appears that even before her marriage she is the hostess of a village inn, and hither comes a nobleman—but whether the occupant of the castle or not is not stated—to make trial of her virtue. The nobleman offers her the pomp and station of a lady, but will not offer marriage, and his entreaties and her refusals are given in dramatic form, at great length. At last he rides off in a passion, vowing to be revenged upon her, and she presently marries some one in her own position, whom she seems to bring to share the tavern with her; for she still serves travellers with liquor, under the sign of "St. George and the Dragon." A soldier comes and makes hot love to her, and in the same dramatic form his pleadings and her rejection are recorded. The soldier is at last got rid of, and then "a close and wary suitor, D. B., a Frenchman," lays siege to her heart with letters, jewels, rings, and a "long-continued course of courtesy," but in vain. To him succeeds a still more mysterious and persuasive "Dydimus Harco, Anglo-Germanus," who pleads without success for some time, and then gives place to the reputed author of the poem, Henry Willobie. It is during his suit that those allusions occur which have very plausibly been supposed to refer to Shakspeare. The whole passage is so curious that we quote it entire:—

H. W. being suddenly affected with the contagion of a fantastical fit, at the first sight of *Avisa*, pineth awhile in secret grief, at length not being able any longer to endure the burning heat of so fervent a humour, bewrayeth the secrecy of his disease unto his familiar friend W. S., who not long before had tried the courtesy of the like passion, and was now newly recovered of the like infection; yet, finding his friend let blood in the same vein, he took pleasure for a time to see him bleed, and instead of stopping the issue, he enlargeth the wound with the sharp razor of a willing conceit, persuading him that he thought it a matter very easy to be compassed, and, no doubt, with pain, diligence, and some cost, in time to be obtained. Thus this miserable comforter comforting his friend with an impossibility, either that for now he would secretly laugh at his friend's folly, that had given occasion not long before unto others to laugh at his own, or because he would see whether another could play his part better than himself, and in viewing afar off the course of this loving comedy, he determined to see whether it would sort to a happier end for this new actor than it did for the old player. But at length this comedy was like to have grown to a tragedy, by the weak and feeble state that H. W. was brought unto by a desperate view of an impossibility of obtaining his purpose, till time and necessity, being his best physicians, brought him a plaster, if not to heal, yet in part to ease his malady. In all which discourse, is lively represented the unduly rage of unbridled fancy, having the reins to rove at liberty, with the divers and sundry changes of affections and temptations, which Will, let loose from Reason, can devise.

All this, if it means anything at all, seems to mean that Henry Willobie, about whose identity we shall presently have something to say, falling in love with *Avisa*, the fair and chaste hostess of the "St. George and Dragon," and prosecuting his suit without success, bethought him of his friend William Shakspeare, whose general practice of love-poetry, and specially his late inditing of the *Sonnets*, had pointed him out as a man unusually gifted in reading the secrets of the heart; but that Shakspeare, not being inclined to interest himself seriously in Willobie's success, took a pleasure in teasing him, and leading him on with inflammatory counsel. We may note that the peculiar wording of the passage denotes, not only that W. S. was prominent as a love-poet; but that he was connected, probably as an actor, with the stage. We return to the poem, and we find that for the next few pages the two interlocutors are W. S. and H. W., W. S. encouraging the lover to persist in his suit, and remarking—

She is no saint, she is no nun.
I think in time she may be won.

Five years later, in that spurious collection of verses by various hands called the *Passionate Pilgrim*, there were attributed to Shakspeare certain stanzas commencing—

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stalled the deer that thou shouldst strike,

which have so extraordinary an identity, both in metre, tone, and style, with those given to W. S. in *Avisa*, that the parallel struck the first critics into whose hands the latter poem fell. Unfortunately this interesting fact scarcely helps us. If the *Passionate Pilgrim*, or if these particular verses, could be by any canon of criticism considered Shakspeare's, we should be able to secure a link of personality. But unfortunately that volume was a nefarious speculation, very little of which, and certainly not these special stanzas, can be supposed to come from the pen of Shakspeare. One thing, however, seems certain, and that is that they are by the same hand that wrote the praises of *Avisa*, and the fact that in 1599 Willobie's verses could be attributed to Shakspeare tends to confirm the supposition that his friend W. S., in 1594, was Shakspeare.

But who was the author of *Avisa*? This also is an extremely obscure and complicated question. The Henry Willoughby or Willobie, upon whom it is fathered by an editor who signs himself Hadrian Dorrell, has been identified by Dr. Grosart with a certain youth of that name who was sixteen years of age when he matriculated, in 1591, at the College of St. John's, Oxford. In the prose preface to *Avisa* Hadrian Dorrell pretends that his young friend Willobie has started on the Queen's service to the Continent, and has given him leave to search in his study, where, among his papers, Dorrell has found this poem, which he gives to the world. If we only possessed this first edition of *Avisa*, there would be no reason for doubting this statement; but, when it came to be reprinted in 1596, some very extraordinary additional information was forthcoming. It seems that the poem gave great scandal, and especially to the family of Sir Ralph Horsey; so far, indeed, that a postaster of the name of Peter Colse came forward with a pamphlet attacking the author of *Avisa*, and accusing him of libellous indiscretion. To this attack Dorrell replied in the preface of his 1596 edition; but, forgetting that he had described Willobie as a young man, he now declared, no doubt in order to assert a literary alibi, that the poem had been written at least five-and-thirty years before. This would refer it to 1560; and, so rapid had been the progress of our literature that we may feel almost certain that this smooth and modern production could not have been composed in an age of which *Tottel's Miscellanies* marked the extreme limit of accomplishment. Hadrian Dorrell being thus caught in the plain act of lying, and being further discovered asserting in the strongest language that *Avisa* was not an existent person at all, but only a type or figure of chastity—as though any poet would represent such an ideal as serving drink to wayfarers from behind the bar of a country inn—we begin gravely to doubt his first as well as his second story, and to guess that the name of Henry Willobie was from the beginning brought in to veil the real authorship. That he really existed as a person, not as a poet, seems to be certain, as well as that in 1596 he was dead. But the opaque mystery that shrouds the whole story of this curious book falls equally on the person of Hadrian Dorrell himself. No such contemporary name is known, and to us it seems probable that this was a pseudonym used by the author alike of preface and poem, and we would suggest that the initials may be connected with the D. H., Dydimus Harco, who is represented in the poem as having immediately preceded Henry Willobie in the courtship of *Avisa*.

Altogether, it must be confessed that the republication of this poem of *Willobie's Avisa*, to which Shakspearian students have looked forward with so much expectation, and which it was hoped would throw light on that mystery of the *Sonnets* about which the critics are always fidgeting, has resulted in nothing but disappointment and ungratified curiosity. Even Mr. Swinburne, who hailed the announcement with a characteristic outburst of "gratitude for the one inestimable boon long hoped for against hoping," must allow that he has to be thankful for very small mercies. At last a perfect copy of the much-discussed *Avisa* has been discovered; at last it has been very carefully and exhaustively edited by one of the most learned of our Elizabethan critics, with the careful collation of all collateral and illustrative literature; and the result is that some one, we know not who, being in love with the hostess of a country tavern, appealed to Shakspeare for assistance in prosecuting his suit, and that Shakspeare teased and bantered him in humorous malice. This is interesting, and the record of it is valuable; but it brings us so near to the person of the great poet, and at the same time reveals to us so extremely little of his nature, that we are almost like the boy in Mr. Sala's novel who was so much hurt by the pennies which the lady threw in his face that he forbore to thank her. We desire, as in duty bound, to thank Dr. Grosart; but we can scarcely be expected to forgive the author of *Willobie's Avisa*.

THE CHURCH UNDER QUEEN ELIZABETH.*

"*BEATI Pacifici*" is the curiously inappropriate motto which Dr. Lee has prefixed to his ferocious onslaught upon Queen Elizabeth, her statesmen, and the prelates who ruled the Anglican Church during her reign. His notion of a *pacificus* would be applauded by the most pugnacious Irishman at Donnybrook Fair. He attempts to make peace in the Church by knocking down every Christian who disagrees with him. Such an ideal of pacification accords better with the Old Testament than with the New; and we

* *The Church under Queen Elizabeth: an Historical Sketch.* By the Rev. F. G. Lee, D.D., Vicar of all Saints, Lambeth. 2 vols. W. H. Allen, 1880.

only wonder that a writer so fond of filling up vacant spaces with mottoes and texts did not go on to interpret Scripture by Scripture, after the fashion of the "Commentary purely Biblical," by adding the Psalmist's exclamation, "Blessed be the Lord my strength, who teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight." His long "introduction" in the first volume is a great deal more interesting than his book itself. *The Church under Queen Elizabeth* contains nothing new, though the author plainly imagines that it will nearly all be new to the very curious class of readers for whose illumination he has been moved to study what he considers to be the true sources of Elizabethan Church history. These sources are Morris's *Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers*, Foley's *Records of the English Province*, the *Douay Diary*, Jessop's *One Generation of a Norfolk House*, and "the profound treatise by Harpsfield, Archdeacon of Canterbury, on 'The Pretended Divorce of Henry VIII.," of which the author made plentiful use in his previous *Historical Sketches of the Reformation*. Dr. Lee has supplemented these infallible authorities, as he evidently regards them, with occasional glances at the least trustworthy evidence supplied by some of the publications of the Parker Society, the *Calendars of State Papers*, Strype, Miss Strickland, and a number of ephemeral pamphlets. The latter are mostly cited to substantiate some damaging allusion to the morals of the Queen and the English Bishops, or some one-sided representation of the terrible condition of the Church. Our peacemaker gives the name "Corporate Reunion" to the object on whose behalf he lays about him with his literary tomahawk. It is the loss of "corporate union," after the accession of Elizabeth, which throws him into so violent a passion with the Queen, with Cecil, and with the reforming party—except perhaps with his predecessors in Nonconformity. We scarcely suppose that Dr. Lee will be offended with us when we call him a successor of the Elizabethan Nonconformists. He agrees with them in substance; he differs only in accidents. We cannot call him a Papist, for he still holds a beneficed cure under the jurisdiction of the successor of Cranmer. As the Elizabethan Nonconformists wished to Calvinize or Zwinglianize the National Church whilst they held fast to its clerical offices, so our Victorian Nonconformist wishes to Romanize it—in a sense undreamed of by the Ritualists who are the butt of his satire—without renouncing his vicarage. That the complete Romanizing of the English Church is that which Dr. Lee himself really means by "Corporate Reunion," whatever it may mean with others, is stated as openly as possible over and over again in his introduction and in his history. "England," he says, "was duped into practically repudiating her relations with the Universal Christian kingdom, its laws, and its ruler. Cranmer first betrayed the local flock which he was to govern, and so made a similar work easier for those who came after him, Matthew Parker and his immediate allies." The Church of England, in which the author holds office as a beneficed and licensed priest, is described by him, with all the emphasis of capital letters, as "The New Church, finally arranged, formed, and moulded under Queen Elizabeth," as "a purely local and national body, neither more nor less." As some of the early Puritan Nonconformists, groaning under their grievous sense of the insufficiency of their Anglican ordination by the hands of bishops, quieted their consciences by obtaining a supplementary and purely Presbyterian ordination from Geneva, and were thus enabled to hold livings and exercise their ministry with self-satisfaction, in like manner Dr. Lee and others, if we rightly understand his appendix on the Order of Corporate Reunion, have obtained "actual power of jurisdiction" and "certain integrity of all sacraments" from the hands of "the Bishop of Dorchester, the Bishop of Selby, and the Bishop of Caerleon"—prelates residing and officiating nobody knows where. Although the Pope may not acknowledge these prelates, it is evident that they acknowledge him, for the end of all their labours, as of Dr. Lee's historical sketching, is "Restored peace and Visible Unity, under the paternal rule of the Primate of Christendom."

We need hardly say that Dr. Lee can see nothing but wholesale destruction and deformation in the Church work of Elizabeth and her bishops. He is even incapable of perceiving, or at least of granting, that this was not the aspect in which their work was regarded by themselves. He frequently drags forward Bishop Pilkington of Durham as the type of a deformer, and even uses that treasury of pure English and masculine teaching, the Bishop's Exposition upon Aggeus and Abdias, as an arsenal of missiles for hurling at the prelate himself. A student with the least germ of critical faculty would have asked why a great preacher early in Elizabeth's reign should have selected the prophecies of Haggai and Obadiah as fit subjects for a long series of popular expository sermons. The text which Pilkington placed on his title-page might have given Dr. Lee a hint why he applied the prophecies of the age in which the Jewish Temple was rebuilding to the needs of English churchgoers in the age of Elizabeth. "The earnest love that I beare to Thy House hath eaten Me: Psal. lxxix. Joan ii."—this is the text with which Pilkington began his exposition of Haggai. "Except the Lord build the House, they labour in vaine that build it" is the text prefixed to his exposition of Nehemiah. He believed that the Queen, the Parliament, the bishops, and the christened people of England were divinely called to a work of building rather than pulling down, construction rather than destruction, reformation and not deformation. "The chief interest of his (Haggai's) prophecy," says Pilkington, "is to stir all to the speedy building of God's House, which they had so long neglected." It is worth observing that the Bishop's ideal rulers,

next to the reforming and rebuilding kings of the Old Testament, are "Constantinus Magnus, Justinianus, Theodosius, Carolus Magnus, and Ludovicus Pius." He is eager that "our mild Ester," as he calls Elizabeth, should follow their example "in their zeal and earnest love to build God's House"; and he prays that "the Lord, for His crucified Christ's sake, which came down from the bosom of His Father to teach us to build Him a House here," would grant all the English folk, "in all degrees, from the highest to the lowest, an earnest simple love to the true building of His House." Bishop Pilkington may have been a destroyer, and Dr. F. G. Lee may be a constructor; but it is scarcely fair in the latter to hide the substantially constructive intention and character of the Bishop's sermons, which are only second to Latimer's in their fearless impartiality, their glimpses of contemporary social life, and the purity and vigour of their English. If he had inspected the letters and writings of the English Reformers a little less superficially, he could not have failed to be struck with one common characteristic which runs through them all—namely, that in casting out of the National Church those things which Dr. Lee seems to regard as the supreme signs of Catholicity, if not even of Christianity, they sincerely believed that they were fighting against Mammon as well as against the foreign usurpation of the Roman Bishop. Pardons, purgatory, memorial masses, trentals, "diriges," are never mentioned by Bishop Pilkington in his sermons without a reference to the money which the Pope or the Popish priest gained by them. Gross secularity and love of money are the charges which he most often brings against his typical "Sir John Lacklatin" and "Sir John Mumblemattins." It may be possible that he knew his own contemporaries less exactly than Dr. Lee knows them; but it ought to be remembered that his words were addressed to a generation which knew Sir John Lacklatin face to face, and could verify the truth or falsehood of Pilkington's charges. "The ministers of Christ's kingdom," says Pilkington, "have power spiritual to loose and bind; Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you forgive, they are forgiven; but not when Sir John Lacklatin for money lay his hand on his head." The complaints which the Elizabethan prelates made against the spiritual inefficiency or the immorality of the "popishly affected" clergy are either ignored by Dr. Lee, or else are inverted into proofs of the contrary. Archbishop Grindal told Cecil that the Bishop of Carlisle had no help in his cathedral because "all his prebendaries are ignorant priests or old unlearned monks." "If there be a trental to be said," asks Pilkington, "or any money to be gotten for masses, diriges, relics, pardons, &c., then who is so ready as they? They can smell it out a great sort of miles off. But if a man want comfort in conscience, would understand his duty towards God, or God's goodness towards us; they be blind beasts, ignorant dolts, unlearned asses, and can do nothing but make holy-water, and bid them say a Lady's Psalter." It is a gain to the true knowledge of the age to have all that mass of evidence brought forward which Dr. Lee cites with such pleasure from Roman Catholic contemporaries of Elizabeth. But it does not disprove the evidence on the contrary side; it has to be balanced against it. The final witness of history, when it is fairly put before the student with some completeness, will always make for the vindication and the condemnation of both parties in any great religious or political struggle. He will learn that the one was not so wholly bad as its enemies pretended, the other not so wholly good as its advocates contended.

As the cause of the present incomparable misery of England amongst nations, and of the incomparable degradation of the English Church amongst churches, is traced back by Dr. Lee to Elizabeth's rebellion against "the Primate of Christendom," we are surprised to find so little detail in his book concerning the exact relations between the English Queen and the successive Roman Bishops of her time. During her long reign the Roman chair was held in turn by nine Popes. The reader will scarcely believe that even the name of Paul IV., to whom Elizabeth officially notified her accession, and who demanded that she should submit her claims to his decision, is not to be found in Dr. Lee's index or text. Perhaps he has omitted all mention of this Pope on account of his dislike to Philip II., his persecution of Cardinal Pole, and his employment of wicked German and Lutheran heretics to defend "the Holy City," as Dr. Lee calls Rome, against the holy Roman Catholic and Spanish besiegers under the Duke of Alva. Yet, if we accept Von Ranke's estimate of Paul's policy, this Pope did far more than the English Queen herself to bring about the result which is the cause of all Dr. Lee's sorrow and of his historical sketching. That Papal supremacy which was restored in England by "the Supreme Governness of the Church of England," Mary, and her husband Philip II.—an event of which Dr. Lee writes with ecstatic effusion—need not have been again so quickly lost. "Paul," says Von Ranke, "had not to acquire the allegiance of England, he had merely to retain it." Dr. Lee gives us two glimpses of Pius IV. First, we see "the members of the Council of Trent wishing him many years and eternal memory." Secondly, we see him writing to Elizabeth "a beautiful and even touching letter." His severe Dominican successor, Pius V., the great "St. Pius" of the Roman Calendar, was a very different Pope, and the contrast between them appeared in their different treatment of the royal English schismatic. While Pius IV. addressed her as "his dear daughter in Christ," and entreated the prodigal child to return to him as her "true father," Pius V. thundered out his famous Bull against her as "Elizabeth,

pretended Queen of England." Dr. Lee of course gives an English version of this document, which is conceived quite in his own style. He revels in the furious rant of its language, and in its tremendous assumption of a worldwide secular as well as spiritual jurisdiction. Pius V. not only affected to "cut off" the English Queen "from the unity of the Body of Christ," but commanded "all and singular the nobles, the people, and others, never to venture to obey her monitions, mandates, and laws," and "released" all English citizens from the Oath of Allegiance. Our historical sketcher actually describes this usurping and extrajudicial call to civil rebellion, this piece of ecclesiastical Caesarism, as "the paternal action of His Holiness," and he calls attention to the Bull as "weightily spoke, not with the stuttering accents of usurping and pitiful heretics, but with all the due and delegated authority of the First-born of the Most Highest." We can only conclude that if the vicar of All Saints, Lambeth, had lived in the reign of Elizabeth, he would have piously taken part in some plot against his Queen; or that he would, as he says of his hero Felton, have declined, after the decision of the Pope, to acknowledge Elizabeth as his sovereign.

We get no portrait of Gregory XIII. Perhaps Dr. Lee dislikes him, as much as he dares to dislike a Pope, because he "reformed" the Calendar. Urban VI., Gregory XIV., and Innocent IX. share his lot. Our sketcher is of course forced to take some notice of Sixtus V. This Pope, he tells us, sent Philip II. "a blessed banner, and His Holiness's good wishes for the success of the Armada." He devotes a footnote to a curt biography of this high-minded and able pontiff, in which he informs us, after the manner of Miss Mangnall's Questions, "He encouraged the Holy League in France, formed to defend the Faith against the Huguenots, and was active both in maintaining the rights of the Primate of Christendom, and in putting down innovation and error." Baron Hübnér has shown us that Sixtus V. was a thoroughly patriotic Roman and Italian as well as the international "Primate of Christendom," and that his encouragement of the League in France and of the Armada against England was by no means so hearty as Dr. Lee imagines, since his sympathy with the predominantly Roman Catholic policy of Spain was conditioned by his terror at the prospect of an almost universal Spanish Empire. Dr. Lee would certainly have praised him less had he known more about him, for he disliked what Dr. Lee most admires, and admired what he most dislikes. Philip II., one of our historians' heroes, put no confidence in Sixtus. Henry IV., while still a Protestant, liked him. But it must be most painful to Dr. Lee to be told that Sixtus V. admired Queen Elizabeth, and was admired by her. When her statesmen were once pressing her to choose a husband, she replied, "I know only of one man who is worthy of my hand, and that man is Sixtus V." It is true that he sent his blessing to Philip II. before the sailing of the Armada; he was glad to think that the flower of Philip's Neapolitan nobility and soldiery should be removed so far away from Italy as England was; but the Pope never paid his promised contribution, contending that it had not been earned, as the Spaniards had never landed upon the English coast. Dr. Lee loosely introduces the name of the last Pope contemporary with Elizabeth, the able and pacific Clement VIII., but in no connection with her. "One of the Primates of Christendom," he tells us, "highly commended his [Richard Hooker's] labours." He learned this from Koble's notes to Hooker. Clement VIII. was scarcely a Pope after Dr. Lee's model. He absolved that politic convert, Henry IV. of France, Elizabeth's friend, to the irritation of her foes and Dr. Lee's friends, the Spaniards. He winked at Henry's Edict of Nantes and the consequent toleration of French Protestantism. What must be even worse in Dr. Lee's opinion, Clement, if we may trust Sully, put some restraint upon the intrigues of the Jesuits in England. When Henry IV. sent Sully to England, immediately after the death of Elizabeth, the French statesman was at the pains to collect particulars as to her relations with the Pope at the close of her reign, especially in regard to the differences between the English Romanist secular clergy and the Jesuits. The Queen even provided those of the secular clergy who were deputed to visit the Pope with a passport signed by the hand of Cecil. She thought, says Sully, that she was bound to defend the regulars, and looked upon the Jesuits as her real enemies. Considering the purpose of his volumes, Dr. Lee might well have substituted some account of this episode for the turgid pages with which he describes the last days and nights of the Queen's life, a description which he must surely have originally purposed for a novel.

If Dr. Lee has succeeded in nothing else, we are bound to say that he has achieved one unique feat. He has compiled the most comical, absurd, slipshod, and useless index ever appended to an English book. Thus, under the letter A, we find "Another controversy arises," and "Another pilgrimage of grace"; while under C or P we find no reference to either. Under G we are referred to "General social disorder," "Great changes in the mass," and "Great confusion"; under D, to "Disgusting barbarities," "Disagreeable events," "Disastrous times," and "Dislike of vestments"; under F, to "Frightful atrocities" and "Frightful cruelties"; under S, to "Striking results of the Reformation." But under the letter T, where nineteen entries begin with the word "The"—such as "The Catholic Church, what it teaches," "The Gallows in constant use," and "The Queen visits Canterbury"—he excels all that has ever been perpetrated in ridiculous indexing.

HEINE'S PROSE.*

OF German prose writers, Heine is, as far as readableness is concerned, without question the first. Indeed it would be difficult to name any writer in any language, except perhaps Voltaire, who surpasses him in this respect. Both Heine and Voltaire, however great or small the subjects may be that they write upon, reduce to a minimum the amount of co-operation which they require from the mind of the reader. They can thus be turned to in the spare moments of a busy life, or in times of physical depression, when almost all other writers would fatigue. Heine's prose has, further, a great advantage over his verse in that it can be translated with not much more loss of life and spirit than is inseparable from nearly all translations. Of Heine's poetry this cannot be said. The best translations are not Heine. Here and there, when the poet happens to be in a commonplace or conventional mood, the translator succeeds in doing him justice; but where Heine is himself he can only be understood and enjoyed in the original German. But a good deal of what is most truly characteristic in Heine comes out as much in his prose as in his verse; and these two little volumes of translations will enable those who cannot read the original to gain an insight into the mind of one of the most striking and fascinating writers whom modern Europe has produced. The *English Fragments* have a special interest for the English reader; but the selection from Heine's prose works in general, most judiciously made and excellently translated by Mr. Snodgrass, gives a much completer view of the qualities of the writer's mind.

Heine, as may be imagined, did not like England or the English. He was bewildered by the noise and hurry of London life. English religion, English morality, English manners, were all an offence to him. He could never forgive us for overthrowing his idol, Napoleon. He could never forgive us for thinking Wellington—"that wooden pedant," as he called him—a great man. But, though Heine is not the writer to whom we go to have our national pride flattered, his criticism of us is often such as may be taken to heart with no little profit. However spiteful it may be, as it sometimes is, it is always the criticism of an intelligent adversary, and from such criticism there is much to be learnt. It nearly always finds out some weak point in our public or social life. Who that moves about in society can fail to see the point of what the critic says, referring to the vain efforts of the Englishman to affect a foreign lightness, of "the whole unrefreshing life of those wooden butterflies that hover about in the drawing-rooms of the West-End"? Who that knows what the state of England was between the battle of Waterloo and the passing of the Reform Act of 1832—in the days of Eldon and Castlereagh—can help feeling that something very like even justice is dealt out to the Radical Cobbett and to his opponents in the following words? After quoting from the *Political Register*, he goes on:—

So far Cobbett. When I transcribe his words he issues bodily forth again as I saw him last year at the noisy dinner held at the "Crown and Anchor Tavern." I see him again with his scolding red face and his Radical laugh, in which the most poisonous, deadly hatred blends together, in a manner quite awful to behold, with that scornful joy which anticipates the ruin of an enemy. . . . He is the watchdog who attacks furiously everybody whom he does not know, though it be the best friend of the house, the calves of whose legs are not safe from his teeth. He always barks, and just on account of his incessant barking is never headed when he barks at an actual thief. As a consequence, those high-born thieves who plunder England do not once think it necessary to throw to the snarling Cobbett a crust of bread to stop his mouth. This vexes the dog most bitterly, and he shows his ugly teeth.

Old Cobbett! Dog of England! I love thee not, because every common brutish nature [not a good translation of *gemeine Natur*] is revolting to me; but I feel for thee down to the very depths of my soul, when I see how thou canst not break away from thy chain to reach those thieves who laughingly snatch away their booty before thine eyes, while scoffing at thy futile springs and thine impotent howling.

Heine is full of observations on England which are always acute and suggestive, even when they are only half truths, or even when they are not true at all. "The common people," he says, speaking of aristocratic privileges, "would themselves fight for these privileges with far more zeal than the aristocrats, simply because they believe far more firmly in traditional forms than the aristocrats, who have, for the most part, lost faith even in themselves." And again:—"If you speak to the most stupid Englishman about politics, he always knows how to say something rational. But as soon as you turn the conversation on religion, the most sensible Englishman will deliver himself of nothing but absurdities." The thoroughbred Englishman he detests, he tells us, with his whole soul. "Their prayers," he exclaims, with a sudden outburst of spleen, "their mechanical Anglican devotion, their church-going with gilded prayer-book under their arm, their absurd and wearisome Sunday observances, their awkward piety, are especially repugnant to me. I am firmly persuaded that a blaspheming Frenchman is a more pleasing object in the sight of God than a praying Englishman." Englishmen abroad find no more favour in his eyes than Englishmen at home. He attacks their *ennui*, "their curiosity without interest, their polished clumsiness, their pedantic egotism, and their air of chill satisfaction in the contemplation of all melancholy objects." The

* Wit, Wisdom, and Pathos from the Prose of Heinrich Heine; with a Few Pieces from the Book of Songs. Selected and Translated by J. Snodgrass. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

English Fragments, from the German of Heinrich Heine. Translated by Sarah Norris. Edinburgh: Grant & Son. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1839.

Protestant pietists, he says again, "are mystics without imagination, and the Protestant orthodox are dogmatists without intelligence." These are hard sayings, and many of Heine's attacks upon us have lost much of their point through the changes which have taken place in English society during the last half-century. Many, too, of his outbursts are only the ebullitions of a poetic nature which finds itself in the wrong environment, and reacts vivaciously on what jars upon it. But it is very seldom that in any of his criticisms, whether true, or half true, or wholly untrue, we cannot find something worth attending to.

Heine's judgments on the political situation of Europe are of very unequal value. But his blunders are the mistakes of an over-quick intellect. "There are no longer," he says, "nationalities in Europe, but only parties." The strongest force in modern politics—the principle of nationality—was growing up all around him, and he remained unconscious of it. For his own race he felt that mixture of pride and shame which has characterized many gifted Jews. "One has nothing but contumely and misfortune from it. I tell you it is not a religion. It is a misfortune." In a famous passage, again, he says, speaking of Moses:—"He did not, however, like the Egyptians, fashion his works of art out of bricks and granite. He erected human pyramids; he carved out human obelisks; he took a poor shepherd tribe and created therefrom a people fit to defy the centuries—a great, a holy, an eternal people; a People of God, that should serve all other peoples as an example—yea, that should be the prototype of all humanity; he created Israel. With greater justice than the Roman poet might this artist, the son of Amram and of Jochebed, boast that he had erected a monument that should outlive all the creations of brass." Heine predicted that great social convulsion in Germany, compared to which the French Revolution was to be mere child's play, which still declines to come at the bidding of so many prophets. He taunted his countrymen with their inability to do three things which they have since accomplished—the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine, the occupation of Paris, and the completion of the cathedral at Köln. On the other hand, he showed great perspicacity on matters where his brother Liberals in Europe were all astray. He saw through the false paths which the Polish rising excited. His masterly piece of satire, the *Zwei Ritter*, would make it difficult for anybody who had read it to indulge any more in false paths on the subject. "His muse," he says of Victor Hugo, "in spite of its majesty, is embarrassed by a kind of German helplessness." I might say the same of his muse as we say of a beautiful Englishwoman—she has two left hands." Of Lessing he says:—"His wit was no little French lapdog, chasing its own shadow; it was more like the fierce German tomcat playing with a mouse before strangling it." Mme. de Staël is to him "the passionate woman in all her turbulence of soul, a veritable hurricane in petticoats, sweeping through our peaceful Germany, and everywhere exclaiming rapturously, 'What a refreshing stillness breathes over this land! How delightfully cool it is in your woods! What reviving perfume of violets! How peacefully the greenfinches warble in their German nests! You are a good and virtuous people, and can have no idea what corruption of morals prevails amongst us in the Rue du Bac.'"

It is the quality of all wit to take one by surprise; but hardly any writer gives one so sudden a surprise as Heine. The effect often depends on the inversion of some familiar phrase, as in the case of the old nurse in the charming "Memoirs of Schnabelowski," who had blond teeth and white hair, or of the fat woman of whom he says that it would be easier for a camel to enter into the kingdom of heaven than for her to pass through the eye of a needle. The address with which he can insinuate a charge is unsurpassed. His gross aspersions on Schlegel and Platen are better forgotten. His reflections on Chateaubriand and Villain are not, like too many of his attacks, unquotable. Speaking of his arrival in Paris, "I did not," he says, "go to witness the grand opera, because I had come to Paris in order to amuse myself. To my great regret I did not see M. de Chateaubriand, who would certainly have afforded me amusement. Nor did I see M. Villain, his housekeeper informing me that it was Thursday, on which day he washed himself."

Mr. Snodgrass's volume closes with some translations from Heine's verse, which cannot be said to be even moderately successful. In one of the pieces—the well-known "Es war ein alter König"—the whole point of the poem is missed. The translator makes the queen and her young paramour die of grief, whereas it is perfectly clear that they die of decapitation.

BUNBURY'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY.*

(Second Notice.)

IN showing that there is nothing even approaching to a geographical system in the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*, in the Hesiodic Theogony, in the so-called Homeric Hymns, or in the story of the wanderings of Io as related in the *Chained Prometheus* of Æschylus, Mr. Bunbury has done a service to the study of geography the value of which cannot, we think, be easily overrated. He has, we believe, once and for all cleared the ground for a thoroughly impartial and unprejudiced examination of the geo-

graphical statements of later writers, and entirely removed the prepossession which regarded the positive assertions of ancient geographers as an ark not to be touched lightly or with irreverent hands. Nor, probably, would this prepossession have been removed so effectually by a book thrown into any other than the historical form which Mr. Bunbury has adopted. The *Dictionary of Geography* would correct beyond doubt the several errors of Herodotus or his successors on particular points; but for the majority of readers it would not touch the general impression that those ancient writers wrote with an accurate knowledge of the places mentioned by them—a knowledge to which they could lay claim only in rare instances. Mr. Bunbury has shown that, even for the scientific geographers who followed Eratosthenes, the conditions under which fresh discoveries were made or fresh information obtained can scarcely be said to have differed essentially from those which determined the notions of generations which preceded the dawn of a written literature.

Such a position as this, it is clear, can be established only by a patient and minute examination of the maps of the world exhibited by the whole series of ancient geographers. This task is, as we have seen, one which renders necessary a considerable amount of repetition. The process may not be altogether inviting, and the volumes which give the result may not furnish the lightest and the most attractive reading. But for real scholars and students this method will have a value which will more than compensate for a few inevitable disadvantages. The only point as to which they would have to assure themselves would relate to the trust to be placed in their guide. To test all his statements would be a work scarcely less arduous than that which their guide professes to have performed for them; but a careful sifting of any section will, we think, fully satisfy them of Mr. Bunbury's trustworthiness and of the scrupulous accuracy which marks his quotations generally. We have detected but few mistakes, and none of any importance. It is not easy to see in the passage cited from the *Odyssey* (iv. 563 *et seq.*) that Menelaus "was destined to a separate existence apart from the other dead." Taken in their natural sense, the words imply that he will reach the regions of the blessed without undergoing the doom of death in his own person. Nor can it be said that even within the Arctic circle there is a night of six months' duration, if the expression is to be construed strictly as denoting the complete absence of the sun for the entire half-year (i. 198). It is a little perplexing to be told that the name of the Hercynian forest appears for the first time in the pages of Theophrastus (i. 604), when Mr. Bunbury has already expressed his opinion that the Arkynian mountains of Aristotle are evidently an exaggerated notion of the Hercynian forest in Germany (i. 400). It can be merely a slip when Mr. Bunbury speaks of Augustus as ascending the Roman throne (ii. 145), when there was no throne to ascend; but, if we understand the passage of Arrian aright, it is more nearly an error to say that Alexander the Great wrote to his mother a letter identifying the Indus with the Nile, which appears to have been extant at a later period. If Arrian may be trusted, Alexander, there can be no doubt, supposed the Indus to be the Nile because he saw crocodiles in it, but, on finding out his mistake, he cut out the whole passage from his letter. These and one or two other insignificant flaws scarcely call for notice; and the reader may therefore trust himself without misgiving to Mr. Bunbury's guidance. If he has patience to follow him through both his volumes, he will be well rewarded by the clearness with which the uncertain and oscillating growth of geographical knowledge is traced through the long series of writers from Hekateus to the latest disciples of Ptolemy. As he turns from one map to another, he may be surprised to find that the later maps betray in some points errors of a much more serious character than the earlier ones; but he will have learnt an invaluable lesson in the evidence thus furnished to him that scientific ideas are practically useless apart from exact and well-ascertained observations. Such observations could be obtained only in the rarest instances. The position of Massalia might be marked with accuracy; but if Byzantium was placed (as it was by some) on the same level of latitude, the result must be a strange distortion of the map of nearly half Europe. The student will thus learn that the statements of ancient writers are not to be trusted implicitly, even when they happen to be borne out by more recent explorations. Thus Herodotus distinguishes the Tanais from the other Scythian rivers as flowing from a lake which he styles a great one. On this Mr. Bunbury remarks:—

In point of fact the Don does rise in a lake, while the Bug and the Dneister do not; but it is one of such very small dimensions as not even to figure on any ordinary map of Russia, and it is wholly inconceivable that the informants of the historian had sufficiently accurate knowledge of these remote regions of the interior to be aware of this minute fact, while their general notions were so vague and incoherent.—i. 184.

We cannot indeed impress too strongly on our minds that the geographical knowledge possessed by Thucydides or Aristotle was the result of observations amassed during a long series of centuries by colonists, traders, pirates, kidnappers, and military leaders. Of explorations undertaken purely for the sake of advancing geographical science we have but a few instances; and of these some, to say the least, must be classed amongst incidents the reality of which we cannot hope to establish. To this number belong some of the voyages which have received the name of Periplus, or circumnavigations, although they were chiefly expeditions along a single line of coast which involved no circuit. The narratives of these voyages have not been treated with perfect fairness by

* *A History of Ancient Geography among the Greeks and Romans from the Earliest Ages to the Fall of the Roman Empire.* By E. H. Bunbury, F.R.G.S. 2 vols. London: Murray. 1879.

modern writers; but Mr. Bunbury, we believe, holds the balance truly between undue credulity and unreasonable doubt. Sir Cornwell Lewis had rejected with a decisiveness bordering on contempt the records of the voyages of the Massalian Pytheas; Mr. Bunbury remarks that he did so "without adverting to the points in which our present full knowledge of the northern regions of Europe has shown that Pytheas was right, and Polybius and Strabo were wrong" (i. 612). The great critic who made such havoc of the professed historical records of ancient Rome before the Punic wars had rejected not less summarily the story of the African Periplus by the ships of Pharaoh Necho. The reasons which led Ephorus and Eratosthenes to dismiss it as incredible are manifestly worthless; but it cannot be thrown aside on the ground of insufficiency of time for the enterprise. Major Rennell held that this was quite long enough, while he adds the perfectly true remark that if the voyagers passed Cape Guardafui at the right season, "they would be favoured by the northern monsoon as far as the southern tropic, and would also have a strong current in their favour the whole way round the Cape of Good Hope"; and that on the western coast, while they remained in the southern hemisphere, they would be able to reckon generally on a favourable wind as well as a northward current. They would thus have almost everything in their favour, and the enterprise would have a chance of success which it could not have if the ships sailed from Egypt to the Pillars of Hercules, and thence attempted to coast round the African continent. To these considerations must be added the statement that the navigators in sailing round Libya had the sun on their right hand. If the Periplus was accomplished in fact, this would be true; but we have to determine first whether the notion of this fact would not be obtained without the passing of Cape Agulhas:—

The Egyptian priests were well aware [Mr. Bunbury remarks] that the sun was vertical at Syene at the time of the summer solstice; and it was an inference so natural as to be almost inevitable that any one proceeding further south would have the sun to the north of him. The frequent intercourse with Meroe would confirm this view. It is probable moreover that Phœnician navigators had already frequented the coasts of the Erythraean sea, considerably to the south of the tropic of Cancer; and even in the particular voyage in question, if we suppose that the narrative had any foundation in fact, and that an exploring expedition was really sent out by Necho, it would easily have attained to latitudes where the phenomenon in question might be observed during a part of the year. Nothing is more common than to have theoretical inferences converted into statements of fact.—i. 293.

At the same time it must be admitted that the argument drawn from the neglect of the discoveries made by this Periplus, supposing it to have been carried out, has no weight. Captain Cook is supposed to have discovered the eastern coast of New Holland; it had really been explored by a Dutch voyager a century and a half earlier. The discovery of North America, under the name of Vinland, by the Northmen in the eleventh century, is now an admitted fact; but it led to no solid results, and to all intents and purposes Columbus withdrew the veil for the first time from the New World. It can scarcely be doubted that the Samian Aristarchus propounded the whole heliocentric system of Copernicus and Newton, if we except the formal statement of the principle of gravitation; but on the subsequent course of Greek astronomical science it had no influence whatever. On the other hand, if we put on one side the incident of the northerly sun, the story of the Periplus is marked by a complete absence of geographical details. No mention is made of the change of seasons in the southern hemisphere,

a circumstance which must have been the more strongly impressed upon the minds of the navigators from its intimate connexion with the choice of times for halting, with the purpose of sowing and reaping corn for their own supply. Nor is anything said of other changes in the celestial appearances, such as the disappearance of the Great Bear and the pole-star, by which the Phœnicians were accustomed to steer, and the loss of which must therefore have been a source of great perplexity to them in the southern hemisphere.

It may be said that the narrative of Herodotus is very brief, and furnishes us with next to no details of the voyage; but to this Mr. Bunbury makes the obvious reply, that this very brevity "leaves us simply to choose between the bare statement of the fact on one side, and its great intrinsic improbability on the other."

A far more important incident in the history of discovery is the so-called Periplus of the Carthaginian Hanno, who, beyond doubt, penetrated to the latitude of Sierra Leone from the colony which he established at Cerne. But, unless the position of this spot can be determined, the geography of the whole voyage must remain vague and indefinite. We are, however, told that it was an island in the bight of a deep bay, and that the distance between it and the Pillars of Hercules was much the same as the distance between the Pillars and Carthage. This distance is exceeded by 320 geographical miles if, with Rennell—who was followed by Ukert and Movers—we identify Cerne with the island of Arquim, which lies a little to the south of Cape Blanco. Even a strong southward current will not account for so large an error in the reckoning; and some, accordingly, have placed Cerne near Aghadir or Santa Cruz. But this falls as far short of the distance stated by the Periplus as the other exceeds it, and there is no island answering to the description in the neighbourhood. The true position, Mr. Bunbury remarks, has been pointed out by Dr. C. Müller at a point intermediate between the two, where an island, still called Herne on the French charts, is seen in the bight of a deep bay at the mouth of the Rio do Ouro. This point being determined, the mountain called Theon Ochéma is easily identified with the conical hill named Sagres by the Portuguese. Three days' further

movement southward brought them to the Southern Horn, whence they returned in terror at the streams and pillars of fire which seemed to bar all progress. This statement brought the narrative into special discredit with later geographers; yet the explanation is found in the practice, still maintained on this part of the coast, of setting fire in the autumn to the long grass, and filling, seemingly, the whole land with conflagration.

The Periplus of Hanno can scarcely be compared with that which bears the name of Scylax, and which, as it mentions the founding of the Athenian colony of Neapolis on the Thracian coast B.C. 360, and speaks of Olynthus, which was destroyed in B.C. 347, as a city still existing, must have been drawn up between those dates. This was the first professed geographical treatise, and it gives chiefly the results of information obtained from merchants or travellers about countries which the compiler had probably not seen, or with which he had a very imperfect acquaintance. But among the documents bearing this title one or two exhibit a very different character. The Periplus of Nearchus, of which Arrian has fortunately preserved to us a full abstract, was the genuine narrative of a coasting exploration undertaken for combined military and commercial purposes. Far more remarkable for the character and accuracy of its details is the Periplus of the Erythraean Sea. It was drawn up, seemingly, about the time of Pliny, by some merchant of Alexandria (the idea of Arrian being the author is now generally given up), and furnishes the exact sailing directions which are needed by traders, and which, more than any other kind of information, tended to bring ancient geography into anything approaching correctness of form. Mr. Bunbury carefully examines this little work, which, for the clearness and exactness of its statements and for the amount of geographical knowledge which it displays of the coasts both of Africa and of India, he regards as entitled to special consideration. The writer was fully aware that the African continent, from a point at least forty miles to the south of Cape Guardafui, had a general direction to the south, "instead of trending away at once to the west, as supposed by all earlier geographers from Eratosthenes to Strabo." The means were thus furnished for correcting one of those strange distortions of coast line which disfigure the ancient maps; and perhaps it may be said that, in the larger number of cases, these distortions might have been corrected by aid of information not much less trustworthy than that of the Erythraean Periplus. But, unfortunately, the progress of geographical theory tended not seldom to make matters worse instead of better. The accurate determination of one point, taken with another which was glaringly incorrect, might disfigure the map of the world itself; and the degree of distortion betrayed in the most scientific of the ancient maps is astonishing enough, until we remember that no geographer was in possession of exact data for the whole ground of which he professed to treat. The geography of Ptolemy is cast into a scientific form; yet his outline of the North African coast is almost more erroneous than that of Herodotus: nor can we well attach too much weight to the remarks of Mr. Bunbury on this point of cardinal importance. The assignment of latitude and longitude for a series of ports or inland cities is only the mode in which Ptolemy, following in the lines of Hipparchus, expressed the conclusions drawn from the statements of his authorities, and the conclusions thus presented have no more intrinsic authority than the original statements expressed in the popular language.

But this [Mr. Bunbury urges] is precisely what has been too often lost sight of. The blind, and almost superstitious, reverence with which Ptolemy was regarded throughout the Middle Ages, has descended in some degree to our own days; and it is not uncommon to find writers referring to his statements as if his apparently definite and scientific results must necessarily be based upon definite information and scientific calculation. Yet it is certain that he possessed no materials that could enable him to arrive at any such conclusion. It has been well remarked of him, as of the Greek writers in other instances, that their theoretical development of science far outstripped their power of its practical application. He saw clearly the true principles upon which geography should be based, and the true mode in which a map should be constructed. But the means at his command did not enable him to carry his ideas into execution; the substance did not correspond to the form; and the specious edifice that he reared served by its external symmetry to conceal the imperfect character of its foundations and the rottenness of its materials.

A full appreciation of the extent and nature of the difficulties which beset the ancient geographers on every side can be attained only by the historical method which Mr. Bunbury has applied to the whole mass of geographical information stored up in Greek and Roman literature. He has applied this method with unwearied patience and unflinching care; and the result is a work which entitles him to the gratitude not only of geographical, but of all historical, scholars.

NO RELATIONS.*

M. HECTOR MALOT is one of the few French novelists who may congratulate themselves on winning fame and popularity without pandering to impure and vitiated tastes. His novel of *Sans Famille*—"No Relations," as the title is translated in the English edition—gained him the Monthyon prize of virtue of 25,000 francs, and deserved to gain it. The story is at once simple and interesting, and may be recommended to both old and young as safe family reading. M. Malot carries

* *No Relations*.—The Monthyon Prize Novel. By Hector Malot. Edited by the Author of "Hogan, M.P." &c. Richard Bentley & Son. 1880.

us all over France and brings us in contact with many ranks and conditions of men in the course of his little hero's peregrinations. Now we are with peasants; now with mountebanks; now we are among a mining population and are left at the bottom of a coal-mine by an accident which spreads a fever of excitement round the neighbourhood. Occasionally we find ourselves with people of position and education; and again we are cast abroad upon the world, mixing with thieves and most disreputable members of the dangerous classes, and brought into disagreeable contact with magistrates and officers of justice. Incident follows fast upon incident, and adventure crowds upon adventure, as these pictures of quiet landscapes and the life of cities, in which M. Malot excels, are perpetually changing. Yet he never gives a shock to our sense of the proprieties; nor, except perhaps in a single instance, are our feelings unnecessarily harrowed. Little Remi becomes professionally a vagabond, and is thrown by the chances of his unlucky fate into what might have been circumstances of extreme temptation. That he does not succumb is owing, in the first place, to his own frank and honest disposition, and his natural predilection for good rather than evil. And it is by no means so unnatural as it may appear at the first blush that he should touch pitch without being defiled. He had had all the advantages of a decent moral education, having been tenderly brought up through his childhood by a worthy and affectionate peasant woman. When he is forced suddenly to leave the shelter of her roof by circumstances which neither he nor she can control, he finds himself handed over to a venerable gentleman who picks up a precarious livelihood on the roads. But Remi's new master is superior to what he seems; while his misanthropy, which holds him aloof from low companions, makes him a more trustworthy guardian than he might otherwise have been. Subsequently one of the vicissitudes of his chequered lot leaves Remi companion to a little English invalid of his own age, who is presumed to be the only child of a rich and doting mother. The English lady is all that is graceful and refined, so that Remi is confirmed in his honest aspirations before being separated for a time from these kind friends and patrons. Throughout the story M. Malot dwells by preference on the brighter and more kindly aspects of human nature. Not that we are not casually introduced to a variety of wicked or repulsive characters; but these appear to be generally brought in for purposes of contrast, and are somewhat summarily dismissed when they have figured in the parts assigned to them. He excels in his pictures of cottage interiors, among virtuous peasants and the deserving city poor. But what his younger readers especially will most delight in is his studies of animals as developed by close companionship with man. M. Malot must evidently have lived in intimacy with dogs of high intelligence and delicate susceptibilities; and we should say, from the happy touches with which he has worked out the eccentricities of the facetious M. Joli-Cœur, that the portrait must have been painted after nature from some pet monkey of his own.

When we first make the acquaintance of the little Remi, he is happy and thoroughly contented. He is the adopted child of Mother Barberin, who is rich in the possession of a cow and fortunate in the absence of her husband, who had gone to seek work in Paris. An unlucky accident that happened to Barberin is the beginning of Remi's varied experiences and of his adventures, good and bad. So long as that respectable *père de famille* was in receipt of wages, he left his wife very much to her own devices; but when he is crippled and laid up in hospital at Paris, he begins to send her urgent messages. The cow must be sold; and that lamentable domestic bereavement was Remi's first great sorrow. We do not exaggerate in calling it a lamentable bereavement. It is true that the milk and butter had enabled them to fare luxuriously; but, to do them justice, in parting from the beast it was not only the privations they were to suffer that affected them. Their cow had become their friend and companion. "She understood us; and, with her great, round, gentle eyes, she well knew how to make us understand her feelings and desires. In a word, we loved her and she loved us." So it was sad to put her halter into the hand of the matter-of-fact dealer who had begun by depreciating her good qualities by way of beating down her price. A more bitter separation was to follow, when Remi himself had to go. Barberin had come back, like a prodigal father; and his first idea was to rid his cottage of this useless mouth. Then Remi, like the cow, fetched a sum of money. The purchaser in this case was a striking-looking old man, attired something like a mountaineer of the Apennines—in a tall grey hat, sheepskin doublet, tunic of faded velvet, and woollen gaiters fastened with ribbons. Still more strange and fantastic was the troupe he travelled with, which was composed of three dogs and a monkey. There is a moving description of the boy's grief when he looked back as he was being led over the ridge above the cottage, and saw his foster-mother at work in the garden, unconscious as yet that he had been sent away from her. But we are prepossessed in favour of his new master when we find the old man speaking gently and sympathetically to the boy, and urging, besides, that even the conduct of Barberin should not disgust him with human nature. Barberin was bound to live, and would find living hard enough work. It is exceedingly natural, too, that Remi should be somewhat consoled in the midst of his sorrow by the promise of hob-nailed shoes and a pair of velvet breeches. It is a world of novelties and marvels that lies before him. He had already been dazzled by a visit to the interior of the village café, of whose splendour he had as yet had but

a faint glimpse, as he cast casual glances in passing through the open door. He rallied his spirits during the afternoon; at night, however, he is overpowered by a scene of helpless desolation. After a wet and weary march they had been refused shelter in the village, and had to content themselves with rough quarters in a barn. As Remi lay in the darkness utterly miserable, curled up and shivering on a heap of fern, he felt a warm breath on his face. He stretched out his hand, and it rested on a woolly coat. It was Capi, the poodle, who had crept to him to offer his sympathy. "He stretched himself presently on the fern close by me, and began to lick my hands gently. Quite touched by the caress, I raised myself and kissed him on his cold nose. He gave a little stifled whine, then quietly laid his paw on my hand and lay still. Then I forgot my weariness and my sorrows; my choking throat was relieved; I breathed once again, for I was no longer alone; I had a friend."

Capi's friendship never belied itself; and Remi got on very well with the rest of the troupe, even when separated from his master, and temporarily in command. It was M. Joli-Cœur, the monkey, who caused him most anxiety. Not that Joli-Cœur had a bad heart, or was naturally vicious. But he was something of a sensualist, and supremely egotistical. He could not endure patiently the privations, which came to the little party of performers often enough; and he would never be serious for more than a minute, even in the gravest circumstances. But Remi came to know him too well to feel hurt or annoyed; and though he had none of the affectionate regard for him which he entertained for the estimable Capi, yet he missed him sadly when the monkey died of a chest complaint. There is a very melancholy and touching account of its last illness. For tragedy had succeeded to tragedy. Not only had Joli-Cœur been carried off by a complaint caught by exposure, but two of the dogs had been snapped up by wolves when the party had been overtaken by a snowstorm in the middle of a forest. Then his good-natured master had perished of cold in Paris, having found the great city as inhospitable as the forests or the solitary *landes*. Remi owed his safety to the charity of a family who could ill afford to bestow it, but for which he had ample opportunities of showing his gratitude. When he sets out upon his wanderings a second time, a veteran in experience, though a child in years, he has a little travelling comrade of his own age. The companionship proves a godsend and a source of fortune as well. Mattia is a Savoyard, with a genius for music, who plays the violin admirably and makes money more quickly even than Capi. Compared to Mattia, Remi had hitherto been lapped in luxury. His appeal to Remi, when imploring him to take him with him, is eloquent of all the sufferings he had undergone. "If I do my work badly you can beat me—that's agreed; all I ask is, that you won't hit me about the head. You must agree to that, because my head's so tender, ever since Garofali knocked it about so much." They find patrons everywhere, make money fast, and are cordially at one as to the disposal of it. Remi is to buy a cow for Mother Barberin, to replace the old friend she had sold. There is a good deal of quiet humour in the story of the purchase, of the subsequent escape of the much-prized animal and its recovery from the authorities, who had laid an embargo on it, and of the triumphant success of the delightful surprise they had arranged for Mother Barberin. The natural incongruities between the methodical habits and the juvenile impulses of the pair of boys are admirably worked out. They toil hard; they live sparingly and self-denyingly; they are cautious, thoughtful, and intelligent far beyond their years. Still they are boys, and almost children, after all; and every now and then they remember that. "Mattia often said to me, all of a sudden, and for no reason at all, 'Let us have a game.' Then in a twinkling, the knapsacks, musical instruments, and all were pitched to one side, and we began to play on the roadside; and more than once, were it not for my watch, we should have played all night. But the watch reminded me that I was chief of the troupe, and that we must work—must earn money to live on. Then I slung the harp on my galled shoulder once more, and set off. Forward!"

The most sensational event in Remi's eventful life is his confinement in an inundated coal-mine, where he has been doing the duty of an apprentice for a friend. The warnings that preceded the catastrophe, the sufferings and talk of the imprisoned group of colliers, the display of the men's innermost characters under the alternations of exaltation and profound depression, are elaborated with a minute fidelity that gives a strong impression of reality. And Remi's boyish love affair with a little dumb girl who was his good angel when he was on the point of perishing along with his master, and for whom, in his gratitude, he conceives a romantic attachment, is charmingly told. We like least the scenes in England, whither he has been sent by the intrigues of the leading villain of the book, who turns out to be his wicked uncle. Artfully compromised and unjustly charged with a criminal offence, he escapes from the penalties that seem certainly to await him, by startling and surprising devices that say little for the astuteness of our police. Clearly M. Malot has striven conscientiously to get up the English portions of the subject; but like all French novelists, almost without exception, his natural forces fail him when he sets foot upon English soil. And the *dénouement*, though eminently satisfactory to Remi, as it restores him to a wealthy and affectionate family, sounds distinctly improbable to the dispassionate reader; while in the closing scenes, ranks and classes are confounded in a manner that reminds us of the motley mob that covers the stage in a pantomime

transformation. But these are blemishes that would scarcely spoil to French readers a story that is consistently excellent in all its characteristic features. We may add that the translator has done his part of the work satisfactorily, though all good French novels must lose more or less in the translating.

FARMING FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT.*

IN the autumn of last year we hailed with a mixture of curiosity and satisfaction the experiments in dairy-farming and poultry-keeping of an amateur agriculturist, whose account of himself was that the health of his wife and young children rendered it expedient for him to take a small farm within an easy distance of town, and combine with his commercial occupations the pursuit of agriculture on a limited scale, with a view to home consumption and the supply of butter, milk, eggs, and poultry to the London markets. Beginning in a small way, endowed with much perseverance, and fortunate in being served by a trustworthy bailiff and helpers on whom he could rely, Mr. Roland, as his earlier volumes set forth, prospered in the farming industries which he there details. The first of his books, that on dairy-farming, contained many useful hints which won it a welcome from the readers of such literature; and the success of these volumes has apparently induced the author to complete the cycle of his "Farming for Pleasure and Profit," and furnish his readers with the results of his experience in stock-keeping, draining, and root-growing. It is to these that we now propose to devote a few remarks.

And first as to stock-farming; and, in particular, to a branch of it interesting to every family which has garden stuff, a wash-tub, and the other familiar appliances of pig-feeding. It is doubtless good advice to keep Berkshire pigs, as being the hardiest, the least susceptible to weather, and the best to cut up for bacon from their large proportion of lean flesh. If always kept in their styes, the manure is very profitable (Mr. Roland calls it "the sheet-anchor of his hops"), though many turn out their pigs to graze, as indeed it may be well to do with breeding sows. Between the smaller and larger breeds, in view of an equal demand for pork and bacon, it will be found that the Berkshire breed is better than any other on a farm where there is a mixed produce and plenty of rough food to be consumed, though dairy-farmers who do not rear calves on skim-milk will find a small fine breed fatten quicker on it, and command a ready sale as porkers. Instead of giving us a "march past" of all the breeds of swine, Mr. Roland would have done well to single out a few of the best, whether pure or as crosses; for it is of less practical advantage to know of the "ould Irish breed that it is as big as a jackass," or of the Rudgewick breed that some samples of it have reached the weight of an ox, than to learn the art of so crossing the larger breeds as to realize the best combination of size, form, and quality in a given animal. The good effected for the original Essex breed by seasonable crossing with black Neapolitans and black Chinese is an instance of this. "The true Berkshire hog," we are told, "is of a reddish-brown colour, with black spots, the head well balanced, with ears generally standing forward, though sometimes hanging over the eyes. He is short-legged and small-boned, with a rough curly coat that by its appearance would seem to indicate both coarse skin and flesh. Yet no pigs make finer bacon. They can be made to attain a very large size, 100 stone having occasionally been reached, though from forty to fifty stone when fattened is the more general average." Even here, however, the original stock has been improved by a cross of the black Berkshire with the Neapolitan, and of the white with the Chinese, in an increase of aptitude to fatten in the early stages of growth. In his second chapter Mr. Roland makes good his judgment in regarding the black Berkshire as best suiting his purposes, and distinguishes between the breeds needed for the supply of London and large towns. Store pigs can only pay where there is an opportunity of turning them out, and an ample run. The amateur pig farmer will find in the fourth section undeniable criterions of the model pig, from the full cheeks and short straight frontispiece to the broad shoulders and broader chine, short legs, and earth-trailing belly. The author's experiences in cheap purchase of brewers' grains for pig feed are more applicable to town farmers than to those further afield; but many of his practical remarks how to feed pigs economically and profitably are deserving of all attention. Cooked or steamed food is infinitely more effective than uncooked. Mr. Roland appends to his remarks on pig-feeding, as to his several surveys of sheep and oxen, useful chapters on the diseases of the different animals, with remedies tested by him in different emergencies. While accepting *cum grano* his assurance that the pig is not so dirty as he is commonly accounted, we quite admit that, with due attention to his health, diet, temperature, and cleanliness, he is a more profitable as well as a more pleasant beast than where he is left to his normal wallowing in the mire.

In the chapter on sheep, where the author passes in review the best breeds in youth, age, health, and disease, it is probably because the epidemic among sheep, far more serious than "foot-rot,"

which has destroyed whole flocks during the past winter in the Western counties, occurred since this book was written, that no notice whatever is vouchsafed of so serious a cause of the present agricultural distress. The disease we refer to is apparently a "rot" all over, which smites a flock so widely that the unfortunate farmer has to anticipate the stroke of pestilence by the sale of his doomed sheep, at a ruinously low price per head, to the butchers who purvey cheap meat for the large population of the "Black country." Our surmise is that Mr. Roland happily knows nothing of such experiences. As regards oxen, he rightly regards the stock-keeper's true aim as being the marketable value of the carcase—in other words, largest size, with early maturity, at the smallest cost; and here he reckons the improved shorthorn as *facile princeps* in putting on flesh, though the cows are not, unless in exceptional cases, the best of milkers. The *pros* and *cons* of oxen as draught animals, fed on grass in summer and straw in winter, and when no longer fit for work, consigned to the butcher, are so utterly a question of the past, in some at least of the counties of which Mr. Roland speaks, that a yoke of oxen and driver is now scarcely to be seen. It is hard to fight the battle of the Herefords against ever-increasing odds in behalf of the shorthorns, though there are still many who prefer them, and these not, we suspect, so exclusively in their own district as Mr. Roland thinks. We have certainly met with them in Montgomeryshire and elsewhere on rich fertile soils, justifying their reputation as a good grazing breed, and showing the same good taste as their shorthorned and more fashionable rivals in requiring good keep, not coarse scanty pasture. Unquestionably the shorthorns bear the palm "in short back and long frame with a fine mellow handle, in being velvety to the touch with a plentiful supply of soft, mossy hair, and a hide very soft, while not too thin." Many are ready for the butcher at two years old, and five-year old steers range from 140 to 150 stones of 14 lb. For poorer pasture our author offers us the choice of a mixed breed, in crosses of shorthorn with Alderney and Ayrshire, Aberdeen, Angus, and Fife, and divers other Highland or English breeds, which we can testify do exceedingly well on average park-pastures and are in great request for the butcher, while the cows give a little, though rich, milk. In the sixth chapter, on stock-feeding, some sage help is given towards deciding between boxes, stall, and yards for feeding cattle. The best compromise is covered yards.

Into the mysteries of drainage of land, discussed in the fifth section, it would be useless to enter cursorily, though we fully subscribe to the author's advice to engage for such work only a thoroughly qualified drainer, and not the mere clever workman who has watched a job or two done scientifically, and thinks "hur could do that hurself." We miss, indeed, one important counsel which might prevent much labour lost—namely, that in the case of extensive draining on an estate, sketch maps and plans of the operations should be made at the time, and preserved as memorials to other tenants, and perhaps to other landlords, of the course of this or that drain, when perchance choked up or forgotten in after years. Perhaps the scale of Mr. Roland's operations did not require such a record. On the whole subject, however, we should prefer to trust such experience as that of the author of "Agriculture" in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, who (*inter alia*) advocates four feet as the minimum depth for all drains, whereas Mr. Roland (p. 335) is content with three. In the chapter on Irrigation there is much interesting matter on the too-often neglected treatment of "water-meadows," and a specially instructive episode on the highly profitable conversion in Lombardy of barren sands and unhealthy marshes into fertile meadows by irrigation. Our author states that the meadows lying on the south of Milan are dressed by the sewage water from the city, and are cut seven or eight times a year, and in some instances as many as nine times. In his other chapters he collects the results of his experience in manures, invoking here and there the corroborative evidence of chemists and agriculturists. As he notes in p. 187, Barnaby Googe's dictum in the sixteenth century that "'lime and marl' are good for the father, but bad for the son," is not borne out by modern farming experience.

The bulk of the last or sixth section is devoted to a survey of English root crops, i.e. turnips, mangolds, carrots, parsnips, artichokes (Jerusalem), and potatoes, with suggestive hints for growing, ripening, storing, and making the best of each; and we have a supplementary chapter on the cultivation of hops, a staple of English agriculture and commerce which since its introduction from Flanders in 1524 has found a second nursing-mother in England. Of the roots, mangolds like a moist rich soil, carrots a friable and sandy, and turnips a light, dry, pliable soil, or the opposite to a heavy clay. From the loving pains with which Mr. Roland lingers over the subject of swedes and turnips in general, we should judge him to have found his account in making turnip crops a main source of supply in stock-feeding. His maxim is "to use your turnips first, and depend on mangolds for later feeding of stock." Carrots, however, are a paying and feeding crop for horses, cows, and pigs, especially with the addition of some oats, hay-chaff, or barley-straw to correct the laxative tendency of carrots alone. Parsnips thrive better on a stiffer soil, and both these roots are peculiarly exempt from the attacks of the weather or of insects. Two great recommendations of the Gimsale, or Jerusalem artichoke, are that they need no storing, and may be grown in any odd corner. Sheep eat them with avidity, and they are largely used by Mr. Roland for his pigs. We must pass over his remarks on the potato in health and disease to devote a sentence or two to his hop-land, in regard to which he seems to have been prompted as much by a

* *Farming for Pleasure and Profit.* Fourth Section: Stock Feeding and Cattle Rearing. Fifth Section: Drainage of Land, Irrigation, and Manures. Sixth Section: Root-Growing and the Cultivation of Hops. By Arthur Roland. Edited by W. H. Ablett. London: Chapman & Hall (Limited). 1880.

view to ornament as to profit. As his five acres of hops lay contiguous to his house and garden, and he waited a few years before taking them into his own hands, his ash spinnies and plantation of Spanish chestnuts were ready in the nick of time for the climber, while the pigs provided abundance of manure. Anon he turned his kitchen garden into a flower garden, and hung a gate to connect this with his hop yard, which was rendered picturesque by festoons over grass alleys, while the seven or eight-foot margins of the enclosure furnished space for vegetables, fruit espaliers, and currant and gooseberry bushes. He admits that he incurs the sneers of his neighbours (and he must have plenty of competent critics of Farnham hops on the borders of Surrey and Hants) by anticipating the possible failure of a crop by planting something else between every other row, and so lessening his risk from casualties; but he can bear a little chaff if he not only pleases his eye, but gets in fair years as much as 5 cwt. an acre. He finds a calcareous subsoil the best security for the duration of a hop ground. Mr. Roland's details on the cultivation and management of hops are as interesting and instructive as any part of his volumes; perhaps this is because the subject appears to be one of his special hobbies. His chief drawback as a writer is discursiveness, and yet some allowance must be made for discursiveness when it leads him to moot such questions as the best mode of "securing skilled and efficient labour," "better housing of workmen," "beer v. no beer," and the like. Yet it is surely a mistake to condemn beer and cider, though the part payment of wages in them is justly blamed as vicious. In conclusion, we cordially agree with our author that, in the event of a continued demand at home for all kinds of American produce, "the plain course before British farmers is to produce the things which will pay them to grow and rear," to grow beef instead of corn, and "to conciliate the remunerative market at their own doors for dairy produce," and we might add, for poultry, fruit, and vegetables.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE third and last volume of the *Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat* (1) is somewhat less interesting than its two fore-runners. This simply arises from the fact that the author deals more with public, and therefore well-known, events than with what passed behind the scenes. Such matter of private interest as this volume contains rather concerns the relations of Madame de Rémusat herself with Talleyrand than her dealings with Napoleon and Josephine. Yet the volume has plenty of attractions. There is, to begin with, an interesting preface written by Charles de Rémusat some twenty years ago with a view to the present publication, and containing some references to the Second Empire, and to the probable future of the Napoleonic cult in France, which are well worth reading. Here and there too are curious bits of anecdote. Such is the story of the Emperor, when about to start on one of his campaigns, putting one arm round Josephine and the other on Talleyrand's shoulder, and saying to M. de Rémusat, "It is sad to leave the two persons one loves best in the world at once." Another curious incident is the famous interview of Napoleon with the wife of Herr von Hatzfeld, in which, for a wonder, the latter obtained her husband's pardon; the pardon being, as one story has it, due to the fact of the Emperor having discovered that the evidence against his victim was worthless, and wishing to gain credit for clemency cheaply. Yet a third is to be found in a note in which M. Paul de Rémusat states that his father had heard from General Foy the account of a singular conversation with Napoleon on Spanish affairs, wherein the latter roundly stated that English troops always had beaten French ones. Such things as these have made this work the most interesting of its kind which has appeared for many years, and if they are not more abundant in the present volume, it must be remembered that in the period it covers M. and Madame de Rémusat were already somewhat out of favour.

While Mme. de Rémusat's *Memoirs* concern chiefly Napoleon's private life, the interesting publication (2) in which M. d'Eckmühl has been endeavouring to clear his father's memory throws a good deal of light on the conduct of the Emperor outside his home. It may be at once granted that M. d'Eckmühl has shown that, whatever Davout's conduct at Hamburg and elsewhere may have been, it was always far milder than his orders, and that to his own relations and friends he was gentle enough. The Marshal's letters to his wife are indeed almost as interesting as Marlborough's. The book, too, exhibits very well Napoleon's constant habit of trying to sow discord between his generals (a habit which resulted, with rare poetical justice, in the disasters of the Spanish campaigns), and also his tyrannical method of prescribing what his Marshals and their wives should do. At one time the Emperor orders that the Princess d'Eckmühl shall give a ball, at another he complains that she does not keep up a sufficiently large establishment. Principalities and pensions and offices might seem to some people rather dearly bought at such a rate.

M. Zevort's monograph on the Foreign Ministry of D'Argenson (3) is a less interesting and less well-executed specimen of

the same kind of work, but contains valuable information for the student of mid-eighteenth century history. The very curious personal character of D'Argenson is rather hinted at than fully drawn, and, as the period dealt with was a mere fragment of his life, the book is to a certain extent deficient in dramatic interest. As to the relations of the different European States at the time it is very copious. In particular it illustrates well a curious and disastrous habit of French statesmen. Unconscious of the thoroughly rotten state of France, they seem to have been constantly busied with schemes for reconstructing Europe exactly as in the days of Henry IV. and Richelieu. Napoleon said that Fontenoy prolonged the Monarchy for forty years; he might also have said that it made its fall certain.

M. Girard, a captain of engineers in the Belgian army, has written a somewhat ambitious essay (4) on the general relations of science and philosophy, with the object of making the latter a "science of sciences," embracing at once the principles and results of all scientific inquiry.

The relation of Christianity to social progress forms the subject of M. Ribot's compact but far from summary treatise (5). The author decides that the spirit usually designated (on the Continent rather than in England) as "revolutionary" is only a passing manifestation, and that a return to Christian principles, if not to any specific form of Christianity, is for European peoples a necessity. This inquiry is supplemented by a discussion of the social and economic theories of M. Le Play.

The sketches to which, following the example of his illustrious brother, M. Amédée Thierry has given the name of *révélés* (6), are certainly in the abstract admissible enough as helps to the understanding of the more obscure parts, perhaps of all parts, of history. M. Thierry has indeed been a little rash, and more than a little unlucky, in remarking of Gibbon that in him "on y sent trop le vide des détails, et les détails sont l'âme de l'histoire." It is quite true that under the conditions of Gibbon's work he is often compelled to be chary of details; but his glory as an historian is that the want of them is rarely felt, owing to the admirable selection of those which he does give and the masterly suggestiveness of his generalizations. Details are rather the body than the soul of history. But, however this may be, there was certainly room for M. Thierry's work. That work is perhaps scarcely remarkable for the vividness and picturesque composition which are required to justify it. Even with the aid of a great many "purple patches" from Claudian, these narratives are on the whole dull. Now we should imagine that a *révélé* is bound above all things not to be dull.

It would require a skilful professor of classification to decide to what literary genre the papers which M. Karr has republished under the general title of *Pendant la pluie* (7) belong. They may, however, fairly be regarded as belonging to the class of desultory soul-deliverances to which veteran men of letters, especially when they have had much to do with periodical writing, often addict themselves. Sometime M. Karr goes "*pendant la pluie*" into his library, and takes up an old book and talks at the present generation by the aid thereof. Sometimes he wanders about Europe, and gives us his impressions of men and things. Sometimes, and rather often, he inveighs against modern feminine costume, laying it down as an eternal verity that high waists are the proper thing, which seems to be a little arbitrary. Then, as in his case is unavoidable, he becomes personal for a change, and assaults poor M. de Lacretelle for writing a book about *Lamartine et ses amis* without putting him—Alphonse Karr—among the friends. Elsewhere he recurs with pride to the days when he taught several mariners of Havre to build a cunning vessel which defeated the machinations of some abominable "coureurs anglais," who were wont to bring over preposterously slender boats and win all the regatta prizes. But, in truth, the subject of M. Karr's parable does not much matter, except when he becomes directly political, in which case it must be admitted that he is too often in the neighbourhood of the genre *ennuyeux*. The pleasant fashion in which he handles nearly all his subjects, and of which (it is lamentable to have to confess it) he and his now rare contemporaries do not seem to have taught the secret to the present generation of Frenchmen, save in a very few cases, is the element of attraction in these random studies. They are not merely pleasant to read *pendant la pluie* but *pendant le beau temps* as well, and, except the victims of M. Karr's wrath—nay, even including these, unless they be men of the thinnest of skins—everybody ought to enjoy their perusal.

The fifth volume of the works of the Cardinal de Retz in the edition of the "*Grands écrivains*" (8) contains the completion of the *Memoirs*, now edited for the first time critically, a large number of political pamphlets written by or attributed to the Cardinal, and the well-known *Conjuration de Fiesque*.

M. de Foville has produced, in a volume with a not very engaging title (9), a book of considerable interest to others besides mere statisticians. It contains a good deal of curious information

(4) *La philosophie scientifique*. Par H. Girard. Paris: Baudry. London: Trübner.

(5) *Du rôle social des idées chrétiennes*. Par Paul Ribot. Paris: Plon.

(6) *Alaric*. Par Amédée Thierry. Paris: Didier.

(7) *Pendant la pluie*. Par Alphonse Karr. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(8) *Les grands écrivains de la France*.—Cardinal de Retz. Tome V. Paris: Hachette.

(9) *La transformation des moyens de transport*. Par Alfred de Foville. Paris: Guillaume.

(1) *Mémoires de Madame Rémusat*. Tome III. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *Le Maréchal Davout*. Troisième partie. La Russie et Hambourg. Paris: Didier.

(3) *Le Marquis d'Argenson*. Par Edgar Zevort. Paris: Germer Baillière.

as to the methods and cost of locomotion, not only in France, but also in other countries. M. de Foyille has subjoined some rather far-reaching speculations on the future of his subject, and its influence on social and political progress and well-being.

The earliest years of Napoleon Bonaparte have never yet received quite such careful consideration as that which M. Lung's two volumes (10)—to be apparently followed by others—devote to them. The author has diligently consulted the archives of the French War Office and other manuscript sources. His book has what is too rare in French historical studies—the distinction of being provided with maps, and he never mentions a proper name without giving some particulars, where any are known, about its owner and his family. The present volumes go as far as 1794, the author's announced intention being to carry his work down to 1799.

We do not think that M. Paul Bert has done himself much credit by his collection and publication of *La morale des Jésuites* (11). The characteristics of Jesuitical morality and casuistry are, or ought to be, known to every educated person, and most persons whose reading is pretty wide know the monstrous lengths to which the system of minute soul-inspection has been carried. M. Bert has collected together in a thick volume all the most scandalous passages he could find, accompanying them by occasional comments expressive of virtuous indignation. It is astonishing how prone virtuous indignation is to pitch upon just those subjects which it is much better to be silent about.

M. Croiset's essay on Pindar (12) is creditable to French scholarship, which, after an eclipse of considerable duration, has recently shown many signs of revival. The author handles his subject with a good deal of literary skill, and at the same time in a manner satisfactorily different from the superficial fluency which has too often characterized his countrymen's efforts on such subjects, and which he takes occasion obliquely to rebuke in Villemain, a most notorious offender in this kind. M. Croiset has laid out his task in a thoroughly scientific fashion. He begins with a short biographical and bibliographical notice, then deals at length with the general laws and character of Greek lyric poetry, and finally attacks the Odes themselves under such headings as "Gods and Heroes in Pindar," "Pindar on Human Destiny," "Personal Relations of the Poet," &c. The treatment is thus exhaustive in design, and in execution it can be well spoken of.

Should M. Legrelle further add to the bulk of his essay (13) it will certainly become one of the most voluminous essays known to bibliography. In its present form it extends to nearly a thousand closely printed royal octavo pages, and contains all the unpleasant facts that the author can get together about Germany and Germans. M. Legrelle is not satisfied with raking up all the stories he can find against the invaders for their actual conduct in the last war. His four chapters—imagination shudders at the idea of a chapter of two hundred and fifty huge pages—deal not only with this subject, but with the internal condition of Germany (Prussia, M. Legrelle prefers as a title), with the activity of the German race abroad, and with the probable future of Europe. The author is one of the most determined of pessimists, and the "Dieu sauve la France" with which he concludes is rather a melancholy prayer than an expression of cheerful confidence. It appears to him possible that England may be bribed to accept Dunkirk or Calais, Spain to take back Roussillon, Belgium to accept French Flanders, &c. But let no one suppose that M. Legrelle is sanguine as to the prosperity of countries other than his own. According to him, the existence of a German hospital at Dalston, supported to some extent by English subscriptions, the presence of Professor Max Müller at Oxford, and the ubiquity of German waiters, presage the speedy downfall of England, or at least many unpleasant consequences to us. In short, M. Legrelle is what the Scandinavians call a seer of ghosts by daylight.

M. Astruc's book (14), if it does not command a wide audience, will come opportunely enough to those Gentiles who desire to acquaint themselves with the present attitude of Judaism. His sermons, for the most part, are polemical against materialism, defend the monotheist principle, and maintain from the Talmud as well as the Scriptures the morality of Judaism. The book, like all M. Lemerre's publications, is attractively got up.

Profilis intimes (15) is a record of interviewing, pure and simple; nor, to do it justice, does it pretend to be anything more. M. Marx has professionally visited a great many people, from George Sand to M. Jules Verne and from M. John Lemoine to Mlle. Schneider, and he gives a faithful account of their conversation, their rooms, their coats, their hose, and their hats.

There is a good deal of sprightliness in M. Audebrand's *Petites comédies du boudoir* (16). They are, for the most part, very brief, and touch off various aspects of Parisian life cleverly, vividly, and in a spirit of satire which is not at all ill-humoured.

It would be difficult to find two accounts of travel over, in part, very nearly the same ground, made under more different circum-

stances than those recorded in the works of MM. d'Audiffret (17) and Simon Mayer (18). The former went to Japan because he had nothing better to do, and came away from it for the same reason. He has described his globe-trotting pleasantly enough, but with no very striking success. The chief note of M. d'Audiffret as a traveller seems, though he claims to be very *blasé*, to be an innocent kind of wonder, which is excited indifferently by the Bishop of Colombo's gaiters, by the frequency of English naval stations, by the heat in the Red Sea, and by the bigness of things in America. M. Simon Mayer, on the other hand, went to New Caledonia as a *Communard*, and his experiences, first laid before the readers of the *National*, are here gathered together. The jerky style of the book and its occasional tall talk (both resulting from a corrupt following of M. Victor Hugo) produce at first an unpleasant effect. The facts which the writer has to tell of his successive sufferings in the Toulon *bagne*, in the convict ship *Virginie*, and in the house of exile itself, are, however, of sufficient interest to fix the attention by degrees. It is indeed impossible to avoid mentally reminding M. Mayer that his presence in his unpleasant galley was altogether his own doing; but he seems to have made out, after every deduction, a fair case of unnecessary harshness against the authorities.

A perusal of *Daniel Rochat* (19) will perhaps not a little help to explain its ill success as an acted play. There are of course what Baillie Jarvis would call "glimmerings" in it, as there must almost of necessity be in any piece of M. Sardou's. The interesting young woman who expects to see Voltaire in the flesh—*un centenaire c'est intéressant*—the unlucky misunderstanding by which the pious zeal of a Protestant household against Roman Catholicism is mistaken for an indifference to religious ceremonies altogether, and the underplot of the loves of Casimir Fargis and Esther Henderson are redeeming features. But no one can contend that they save the piece as a whole. Whether the situation is one which could be treated dramatically, except in the style of high tragedy, is a question of abstract criticism with which fortunately we need not here trouble ourselves. It is sufficient to say that in *Daniel Rochat* it is not so treated, and that the piece is never in its present form likely to have a genuine success.

Two volumes of poetry (20), part of which will be familiar to students of the Parnassian school, express well enough different characteristics of that populous and not wholly uniform academy. M. Silvestre represents chiefly its earlier form, as shown in the original *Parnasse Contemporain* of 1866, and is deeply imbued with the spirit sometimes of Baudelaire, sometimes of De Banville. There is, indeed, in this volume no work of a later date than 1872. M. Aicard (21) has advanced into a further stage. His book is a romance of Provençal life told in loose narrative verse, with lyrical preludes, sometimes of considerable beauty. The narrative itself is, for French poetry, surprisingly pedestrian in style, and we should have liked the preludes better, we think, alone. The work, however, may be of some interest as indicating the tendency of a certain number of French poets, with M. Coppée at their head, to return to usual domestic interests as sufficient to furnish them with subjects, instead of courting the somewhat intense and exotic inspiration of the earlier Parnasse.

The literature of translation has been enriched by the first volume of a new prose version of *Orlando Furioso* (22), produced in M. Lemerre's dainty little series, and by the third volume of a meritorious rendering of Strabo (23).

M. Lemerre has conferred another favour upon the lovers of handy little books by reprinting in duodecimo M. Alphonse Daudet's charming *Le petit chapeau* (24). This work, suggested probably by the author's own experiences as an usher, is one of the best examples of his earlier and better style, before he made personal allusion and gossip the main attractions of his work. It is characteristic, however, that even here there are things of the kind, notably an ill-natured sketch which must be taken, whether it is meant or not, for M. Leconte de Lisle. There is at least no necessity for M. Daudet's readers to "bathe themselves in water and be unclean until the evening"—a regimen which Mr. Carlyle would infallibly prescribe to readers of M. Zola. That notorious author has at last succeeded in putting into the hands of his critics, in *Nana* (25), a final and complete proof of the badness of his literary method, whereby a novel is made into a *procès verbal*. There is no need to dwell on the objectionable character of the matter, because the book is damned irreparably by the badness of its form. The work of M. Ernest Daudet (26) and the anonymous *À côté du bonheur* (27) are examples, and, on the whole, very fair examples, of the ordinary French novel of the better class. M. Daudet, in particular, usually leans to virtue's side in his study of manners, without indulging unduly in the use of rose-pink. The steps whereby the younger members of the

(17) *Notes d'un Globe-Trotter*. Par Emile d'Audiffret. Paris: Plon.

(18) *Souvenirs d'un déporté*. Par Simon Mayer. Paris: Dentu.

(19) *Daniel Rochat*. Comédie. Par Victorien Sardou. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(20) *Poésies d'Armand Silvestre*. Paris: Lemerre.

(21) *Miette et Noré*. Par Jean Aicard. Paris: Charpentier.

(22) *Roland Furieux*. Traduction nouvelle. Par F. Reynard. Paris: Lemerre.

(23) *Géographie de Strabon*. Traduction nouvelle. Par A. Tardieu. Tome 3. Paris: Hachette.

(24) *Le petit chapeau*. Par Alphonse Daudet. Paris: Lemerre.

(25) *Nana*. Par Emile Zola. Paris: Charpentier.

(26) *La maison de Gravelle*. Par Ernest Daudet. Paris: Plon.

(27) *À côté du bonheur*. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(10) *Bonaparte et son temps—1769-1799*. Par Th. Lung. Paris: Charpentier.

(11) *La morale des Jésuites*. Par Paul Bert. Paris: Charpentier.

(12) *La poésie de Pindare*. Par Alfred Croiset. Paris: Hachette.

(13) *La Prusse et la France*. Par A. Legrelle. Nouvelle édition. Paris: Cotillon.

(14) *Entretiens sur le Judaïsme*. Par E. Astruc. Paris: Lemerre.

(15) *Profilis intimes*. Par Adrien Marx. Paris: Dentu.

(16) *Petites comédies du boudoir*. Par Ph. Audebrand. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

Graville family are rescued from evil ways and directed into paths of peace are related in a sufficiently interesting manner. *Le mariage d'Odette* (28) is more ambitious, and deals with more perilous stuff. It is a novel with a purpose—the purpose being to show the danger of bringing up young ladies in habits of free thought, by means of the fortunes of Germaine and Odette Laviguerie, daughters of a *savant* of very advanced opinions. Everybody is rendered sufficiently miserable by Odette's want of self-control, and the moral, if rather painfully put, is also put forcibly. A strict critic, however, might point out to M. Delpit that the muddle by which the wrong man is made to marry the wrong woman, owing to Germaine's well-meant lack of outspokenness, is nearly as much responsible for the catastrophe as Odette's lack of moral elevation. *Miss Eva* (29) is a book full of characters and their conversation; we cannot say much more about it. The Baron de Nervo, whose other works seem to have been of a more serious class, has attempted in *Lucia* (30) a short romance of the pathetic kind. His success is not great, partly owing to his uncomfortable style, which abounds in such verbal jingles as “adorée, dévorée,” “sinon un bonheur, du moins un honneur,” and so forth. M. Lindau's volume of short tales (31) is, on the other hand, pleasantly enough written. Most of them, though not all, deal with China and other Eastern countries.

- (28) *Le mariage d'Odette*. Par Albert Delpit. Paris: Plon.
 (29) *Miss Eva*. Par Charles Dealys. Paris: Dentu.
 (30) *Lucia*. Par le baron de Nervo. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
 (31) *Peines perdues*. Par Rodolphe Lindau. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

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